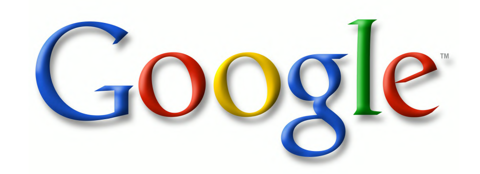


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G. COLMAN, Esqr.

THE YOUNGER

THE

DRAMATIC WORKS

OF

GEORGE COLMAN THE YOUNGER,

WITH

AN ORIGINAL LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

VOLUME I.



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THE LIFE

OF

GEORGE COLMAN, THE YOUNGER;

WITH

CRITICAL REMARKS ON THE DRAMA.

" He paints the living manners of the time. "

THE subject of this sketch is the son of the late G. Colman, esq., who was distinguished as the translator of Terence, and as the author of several successful dramatic pieces. He was also leagued in a literary cabal with the celebrated satirist Churchill, the notorious Wilkes, Robert Lloyd, and Bonnel Thornton; in opposition to Arthur Murphy, Dr Smollet, and the earl of *Bute. In* conjunction with Mr Thornton he wrote

[redacted]

periodical paper, intitled The Connoisseur fterwards collected in four volumes, and whi ras attended with considerable success. He uccessively the manager of the theatres of ent Garden, and the Hay Market; and in haracter was engaged in several disputes, w ltimately caused an aberration of his iculties. He died in 1794.

George Colman, *the younger* (fo entleman still continues to stile himse orn in the year 1767, and educated iinster school, where he removed to hurch college Oxford, but complete ies at King's College, Aberdeen. Or) London, he was entered at the T view to qualify himself for the ba enounced that intention in favour o 1 1789, when his father's mental endered him incapable of supe oncerns of the Hay-market th igement of it was committed iom; on the death of his p

fajesty, George III, was graciously pleased to ransfer the patent. The alienation of part of his property led to misunderstandings, which ecame the subject of investigation in the court f Chancery, and occasioned the house to be hut up for a whole season. The natural conse-uences of these proceedings conducted our ithor to the King's Bench, but although the w's "damnation of expences" triumphed ver his personal security, it could not fetter e powers of his genius, nor destroy the fecun-ty of his wit. In the rules of the prison, just med, he continued to preside over the des-nies of the little theatre in the Hay-market, d the popularity this agreeable summer re-rt for the lovers of the drama acquired, must, a great measure, be ascribed to his judicious ertions, and the attractive influence of his n.

Mr Colman has been appointed, by his pre-nt Majesty, Captain of the band of pensioners *Carleton* palace, to which is attached an ap-

the giver and the receiver; it is in
these, in the munificent patronage
alent connected with literature, the
ences, that the name of George the
come as deservedly endeared to the
tened class of his subjects, as it is po-
gst all classes, by the splendid public
that have shed a peculiar and per-
re on his sway.

e life Mr Colman is preeminent for
qualities, his readiness of wit, and
f repartee, for those flashes of soul
ent that keep the table in a roar. He

JOHN BULL, OR THE ENGLISHMAN'S FIRESIDE, which will live in the praises and hearts of his countrymen as long as the rights of the fireside remain dear to British freemen, who, in loyally supporting the privileges of their sovereign, know how to make their own respected. Honour to the memory of that revered and patriotic monarch, George the III, whose preference for "John Bull" was so decided, that when, like a free king of a free people, he went in the midst of his subjects to partake of their dramatic amusements *, he invariably ordered this comedy for representation!

The following enumeration of Colman's acknowledged productions, arranged according to their dates of publication, will at once display the fertility and variety of his muse.

Two to One, mus. com. (songs only printed.) 8°, 1784. — Turk and no Turk, mus. com.

* At *Covent Garden* Theatre, where "John Bull" was *originally* brought out.

com., 8°, 1788.—Poor old Hay-Market, prel., 8°, 1792. — Mountaineers, play, 8°, 1795.— Iron Chest, play, 8°, 1796. — My Night-gown and Slippers, or Tales in verse, 4°, 1797. — Blue-Beard, dram. rom., 8°, 1798. — Feudal Times, drama, 8°, 1799. — Broad Grins, and Tales in verse, 8°, 1802. — The Poor Gentleman, com., 8°, 1802. — John Bull, or The Englishman's Fireside, com., 8°, 1805.—Who wants a guinea?, com., 8°, 1805. — We fly by Night, farce, 8°, 1806—The Battle of Her ham, mus. dram., 8°, 1808. — The Surren of Calais, play, 8°, 1808. — The Heir at com., 8°, 1808. — Blue Devils, farce, 8° —The Review, or the Wags of Winds farce, 8°, 1808.—The Gay Deceivers, — The Africans, play, 8°, 1808.—J at Locksmiths, farce, 8°, 1808. — *garies*, 4°, 1812.— Vagaries vin *percritic*, 4°, 1813.— The Law

... authorship we seldom find,
... instance before us, that talent is here-
ry. The education and the example which
elder Colman gave, doubtless, excited the
ilation of his son in the sphere that nature
elf had marked him out to fill; yet, it can
as little doubted, that had he been born
son of some wealthy unpoetical plebeian,
proud unlettered lord, the predisposing
ilse which there is in every human breast,
d have eventually conducted him, though
stumbling blocks had intervened, to the
of its election. The powerful prepossess-
which we so tenaciously cherish, the as
ful antipathies which we cannot

tation, though too seldom imitated, the notice of it, *en passant*, may not be deemed inappropriate.

The excellent comedy of JOHN BULL is, beyond all comparison, the master-piece of Colman's genius, and had it been the alpha and omega of his productions, that play alone would have insured him a superior rank amongst the most distinguished dramatic writers of his country. Its merit does not consist in invention of plot or finesse of action, for it is like the prototype, from whence its title is taken—plain and unvarnished by the exuberant graces of imagin-

e-
d-

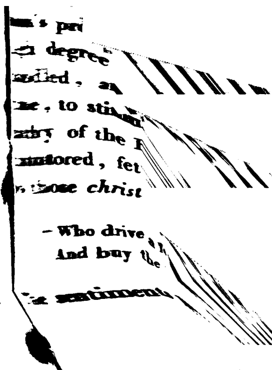
the wounded pride of the respectable man, f
an only daughter's ingratitude and lapse fro
virtue. We need only refer to the Waistcoa
scene (page 76), and hard and mishapen mu
be the father's breast that *such* a waistcoat woul
not *fit*.

Of the remaining dramatis personæ in th
piece it is sufficient to observe that, if not a
striking, they are, at least, faithful sketche
and though Peregrine's stile of moralising ma

of the copy may be found
class. His daughter is the
man of *haut ton*, haughty
able and foolish, designing
honest Brulgruddery and

pair was never seen
ned to meet by nature."

e of the true Colman stamp,
is a very suitable accompa-



niment to complete the trio of the Red Cow.

The story on which the opera of INKLE AND YARICO is founded, is borrowed from an extract of Ligon's History of Barbadoes, given in the Spectator, and is there recorded as fact. Our author, however, has taken a very dramatic and very judicious liberty with the original, by winding up his *dénouement* harmoniously and happily;—since repentance, reconciliation and a donble wedding close the scene. This opera is ranked amongst the choicest of Colman's productions, and deservedly attained a high degree of popularity. The subject is well handled, and was as happily chosen at the time, to stimnlate the already awakening sym-

·, in detestation of the abhorren
now generally abhorred traffic, d
ır to the head and heart of th

ıd the Governor are two sterling
and the amateurs of ledgers, and
ɔounds sterling are well delineated
his uncle. Yarico is a sweet un-
she-savage, full of love, and na-
ıfidence, and none but a cold, cal-
:cenary "citizen of sober fame"
ntertained the idea of selling such
› slavery. Wowski is a most suit-
ion for faithful Trudge, and Patty
inventive as a confidential *femme-*
o a single and anticipating young
ıst be. The love-sick Campley and
ress are fairly matched, and the
: of plot, character, and action is
ll preserved.
we are not so much enamoured of
timental as of his comic poetry, it

must be owned that se
songs in this opera are
yet théy are all infinite
which begins thus :

"In London what gay ch
But the only sign here i
Heigho! that I for hun
But grave without meat
For my bacon I fancy I

The Heir at Law, v
and there are not a few
both in representation
the public it has alway
although, critically sp

don him the caricature which he gives of the pedants, and to suffer his distraction of mind and manners to overwhelm, with farcical humour, the more chaste and natural habits of the persons with whom he keeps company.

This humorous extravagance is, perhaps, the very best method by which the follies and vices of the times can be reformed: for when solemn sentences and sprightly wit are found ineffectual, the ludicrous will often prove of import: and laudable design, with skilful execution, on the part of the author, have here placed this laughable and immoral scholar, by exciting the derision of the audience, among the most genuine moral characters of the drama.

The remainder of the characters are true pictures of common life; but, except two or three of them (who bave little character at all), their language is too much deformed by dialect, to produce that literary entertainment, which is always to be expected and desired from the perusal of a book, — and though it is proper

that such persons as the author has introduced should speak in exactly such provincial style as they do, yet, surely a paucity of ill-taught rustics would render their ignorance less burthensome and more conducive to mirth, than when a continual round of bad spelling and uncouth sounds pervade, without mercy, the eye or the ear. Invention, observation, good intention and all the powers of a complete dramatist, are, perhaps, in this comedy displayed, except one — *Taste* seems wanting: but this failure is evidently not an error in judgment, but an escape from labour — The finer colours for more polished mankind, would demand the artist's more laborious skill."

Foersch, a dutch surgeon, published (about the year 1744) an account of the Upas-Tree, and of the manner in which criminals, in Java, were sent to it, for the purpose of obtaining its poison; — an account intended to pass for matter of fact, and which is, now, exploded as a fiction. It was *Foersch's* narrative which sug-



idea of the drama en-
a play which evinces
a superior writing.
nephew Hans Gayvelt,
, form the *élite* of the
good scenes amongst
chiavello of the Dutch
and his Kinsman the
nuous cadet, are well
cature portrait of Pen-
arged, is not without
ich would attach to the
not advanced by his be-
which is, by no means,
The truth is that George
of that *genre*, and, con-
the piece, and his dis-
as well as the misanthro-
and the mahogany faced
well designed, are not
jadee is a lively sketch,

..u attach to t...
..anced by his l...
is, by no mean...
..ruth is that Georg...
..at *genre*, and, co...
e piece, and his d...
well as the misanthr...
d the mahogany face...
well designed, are n...
..dea is a lively sketch...
..iving lustre whenev...

...spectacle for sense; of horses...
elephants for imagination.

The little comedy of *Ways* ...sesses all the ways and mean... piece of that nature to afford a... excite laughter. The equivoques... action are well kept up, and th... verly drawn. It has always bee... to be, a favourite.

In the *Wags of Windsor* Co... *a full scape to his* broad co...

and faithful representatives o[f] ...
localities.

If popularity is any indication of merit, the dramatic romance of *Blue-Beard*, *or Female Curiosity* is a *chef d'œuvre* of its kind, and excited in an extraordinary manner the curiosity of the play-going public of both sexes. It was brought out at Covent-Garden, with all th[e] pomp and display of scenery and machin[ery] dresses and decorations for which that t[heatre] is so justly celebrated in getting up suc[h] Independant of the manager's exer[tions the] *romance* itself merited public appr[obation] *it is arranged* with considerable

nificence to claim the fair, but unwilling, ma, as his bride, is one of the finest ever luced on the stage.

n closing our remarks ou the pieces, we have ted, we may fairly apply the following s to George Colman, the younger, both as n and a dramatist.

st homo ingeniosus acutus acer et qui
urimum et salis habet et fellis nec candoris minus.

is not peculiar to the present day to exalt enius of antiquity at the expence of existerit. In every age we find the same inclinao laud the times that are past, and to bes-

[redacted]

ch naturally present them
andid examiner on the sub-
ire, whether the sweeping
y against the stage of our
in what it consists? what
of the drama and society
how far this influence may
such degeneracy?
to this inquiry some stan-
must be established; some
lged principles, which may
confidence as the criterion
ce. Congreve, Farquhar and
up, by modern critics, as
nitation, but in making our
their pretensions, we shall
opriety, and good sense as
s of judging, and pronounce
st degenerated from these
ost departed from the right
resentation.
dwelt upon in comparing

, ... wit, and the elegance of
ir language; as to strict adherence to the
ties of time and place, Farquhar, in his Es-
on comedy, decidedly spurns at such limi-
ons, considering them as the fetters of a
:ly imagination. We believe we have here
nbined all the eulogiums which any critic
ventured to pronounce upon their writings,
ugh we are, by no means, disposed to ad-
their correctness. Congreve, who flourished
he reign of Charles II, availed himself of
licentiousness of the times to pass obscenity
wit and ribaldry for humour, and his ad-

the hero a rake, and his attempts to dishonour the wife either of his friend, or of some good-natured unsuspecting simpleton, the main subject of the piece, aided by an underplot equally uninteresting and immoral. Farquhar's works have the same tendency, but the object is not so apparent.

He is a libertine undisguised who almost laughs us into good humour with his vices, and such, no doubt if his biography be correct, was the man. It is said of him that his vivacity never deserted him; and the *Beaux Stratagem* which was written in his last illness, is a pro that the same buoyancy of spirits, and lib tinism of disposition, remained with him, t the last. But though we admit the wit and viv city of Farquhar, we consider him deficient the most essential principles of dramatic co position. His genius does not lay in the stru ture of a drama as a whole; but in those spr ings of humour which form its minor p nd even his warmest admirers accuse hi

being hasty in his productions. There is nothing tangible as the mark of a master of his art; and there is no one piece which will bear the touchstone of truth. He represents an artificial state of society; and even allowing his comedies to be correct delineations of existing manners, they excite little or no interest beyond the age for which they were written. This may account for the failure attending the revival of his pieces, and for the unequivocal condemnation which his *Trip to the Jubilee* met with on its revival a few years ago at the Hay-Market theatre; and such will ever be the case with those writers, who neglecting their best model, nature, administer to the vices and follies of the age in which they live.

To Farquhar succeeded sir John Vanburgh and Hoadley; decided copyists of their predecessors, equally profane and immoral; their heroes libertines, and their heroines strumpets. The *Relapse* of the former, and the *Suspicious Husband* of the latter, will fully justify the severity

ructure of their plots was the same; possess
either novelty nor interest, and only formin
ie vehicle for sprightly dialogue unconfine
ven by the common decencies of society. Ou
onclusions then are these, that whatever talen
hey might possess for brilliancy, these talen
ire minor considerations when compared wi
he more important points contained in the sta
lard we proposed, — nature, propriety, a
good sense; and for which we have the autho
y of Horace: "*Scribendi rectè sapere est pr*
ipium et fons."

... the modern drama competes ...

[redacted]ce; but we will venture to say, that for adherence to nature, originality of thought, and elegance of composition, the best of the modern comedies will successfully rival the most celebrated productions of those authors.

If the true end of the drama be "to show virtue its own image, and vice its own deformity", to make the one the object of imitation, and the other of abhorrence such writers as Congreve, Farquhar, Vanburgh, and Hoadley, have decidedly failed; they have held up to ridicule the most sacred obligations

and an inducement to virtue: are these e[illegible] tained in the writings of the authors in question? This interrogation cannot be answered in the affirmative; for the very reverse is the fact, and their deficiency in interest has been already remarked; for it is only the worst passions of our nature that can feel interested in the success of a libertine, the intrigues of a prostitute, or the plots of a scoundrel. Shall we then award them the palm, when they have violated the first principles of dramatic composition?

From the foregoing argument we would infer that in point of wit and composition, the best writers of our day are equal; — in originality of thought, interest, invention, and poetical and moral justice, that they are infinitely superior to their proposed models; and if the inquiry is confined to the legitimate drama, the balance is decidedly in our favour. But it by no means follows that the stage itself is free from the charge of degeneracy or degradation; and this degeneracy and degradation do not, perhaps,

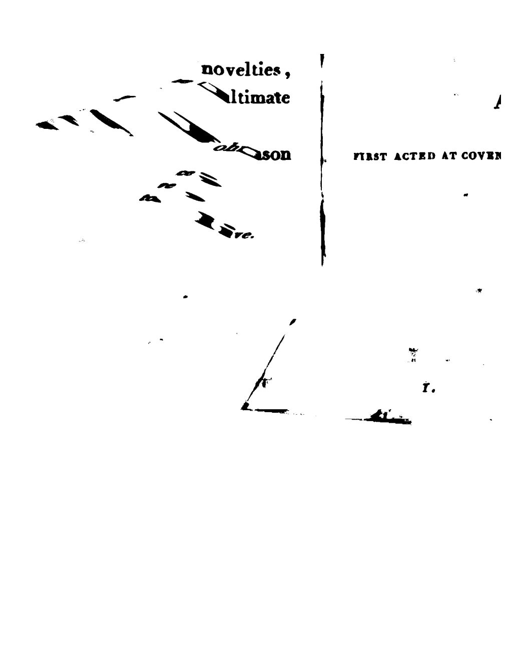
lie so much with the writers for the stage, as in the public who encourage the degradation. Theatricals are as much an object of commercial speculation as any other species of property; hence it follows that managers, like booksellers, regard taste and genius in no other estimation than as they administer to their pecuniary advantage; and having once made a succesful experiment in bad taste, they are condemned by a sort of retributive justice to continue that bad taste, in the midst of a competition so easy, yet ultimately so expensive and unprofitable.

It will be perceived that we allude to those outrages of nature, the German drama, succeeded by Lewis's monstrous productions, which some years ago were such favourites with the public; and followed by the more modern mania of melo-dramas and spectacles those half French, half German, half English abortions of dramatic literature. Genius is out of the question in these productions; and the fault

he stage has a great influence over so
'et in this instance, the blame attaches
o the public who patronize, than to the
agers who produce them, because the l
aving a pecuniary interest in view, and
f course is their sole object, are not st
menable to the rules of taste, while h
nce excited a vitiated appetite, it im
pon them the necessity of continuin
iquant repast by serving up fresh nove
o the neglect of real genius, and the ult
lebasement of the drama.

Thus it has been well observed by Jol

> "The stage but echoes back the public voice
> The drama's laws the drama's patrons give


novelties,
ltimate
ason
FIRST ACTED AT COVEN

PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN

BY Mr T. DIBDIN.

So you' re all here, Box, Pit, and Gall' ry full
Of British jurors, come to try John Bull.
"Who acts John Bull?" methinks I hear you say:—
No character's so named in all the Play.
"The title, then's a trick?" we scorn the charge,
JOHN BULL is—*British Character* at large;
'Tis he, or he — where'er you mark a wight
Revering law, yet resolute for right;
Plain, blunt, his heart with feeling, justice full,
That is a Briton, that's (thank heaven!) JOHN BULL.
And John, till now, we set it down for certain,
Has always ta' en his seat *before* the curtain.
And so he does; no matter where your places,
I see his gen' rous mind in *all* your faces.
Whether he sits by sweetheart, friend, or bride,
John Bull's as warm as at his own *fire-side*.

Look up aloft, and you may safely swear,
He's *highly* pleased, close to his lass, —just there.
That hand, which round her waist, is kindly thrown
Should any *he molest* won'd knock him down.
For John is still (as tells the lyric page)
A lamb in love, a lion in his rage.

Where fashion's polish shews him more refin'd—
(*boxes*).
John, still to social gaiety's inclin'd,
Freely, tho' aim'd at by satiric whim,
Laughs with the bards, who raise the laugh at him.
Or, look below, and you may see him sit,
Gracing with critic state an English Pit;
To whom, thus midway placed, I say, be kind,
John Bull *before*, Oh, spare John Bull behind!
(pointing off.)
Shou'd you condemn, sans mercy, the poor elf,
'Twere suicide for John to kill *himself.*
Nor blame the fear, wich makes the bard thus sue;
John Bull ne'er trembles, but in facing you.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PEREGRINE, ...	The elder Brother Rochdale, incog.
SIR SIMON ROCHDALE,	A country Magistr
FRANK ROCHDALE,....	The Son of sir Si
WILLIAMS,..........	Mr Rochdale's Valet.
LORD FITZ-BALAAM,..	An exigent Nobleman
HONOURABLE TOM SHUFFLETON,..........	A young Man of Fashion.
JOB THORNBERRY,....	An honest Brazier—the JOHN BULL of the piece.
JOHN BUR,.........	Shopman to Job.
DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY	The Irish Landlord of the Red Cow.
DAN,..............	A Cornish clown, the Servant of Dennis.
MR PENNYMAN,.....	Sir Simon's Steward.
JOHN. ROBERT. SIMON.	Servants in sir Simon's family.
LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE,...........	Lord Fitz-Balaam's fashionable Daughter.
MRS BRULGRUDDERY, .	Landlady of the Red Cow.
MARY THORNBERRY,..	The Brazier's daughter.

SCENE—Cornwall.

JOHN BULL.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ıblick house on a heath; over the door the gn of the Red Cow, and the name of DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY discovered looking over the heath: DAN opening the outward shutters of the house.

DENNIS

A PRETTY blustratious night we have had! and the sun peeps thro' the fog this morning like the copper-pot in my kitchen. — Devil! a traveller do I see coming to the Red Cow.

DAN.

Na, measter, nowt do pass by here, I do think, but the carrion crows.

our, I believe my setting up the
a week ago, was a bit of a Bull! —
o odds. Haven't I been married these
hs ? — and whom did I marry ?

DAN.

waddling woman, wi' a mulberry

DENNIS.

me with your blarney, Mr. Dan.
ie high blood in her veins; you bog-

DAN.

always do, when I do look at her

He,

Troth,
ery, wa

Why, zu

You may s
n Belfast.

And what ma
reade ?

·nined ?

Ve be the un-
. Your ale be
mistress do set
apple a roast-
measles ; I be
ence, and thee
nors.

g up the
a Bull ! —
d these
rry ?

erry

DENNIS.

Never you mind Mrs Brulgrud
Wasn't she fat widow to Mr Skin
lean exciseman of Lestweithel? An
uncle, who is fifteenth cousin to a
ronet, say he'd leave her no mone
happened to have any, because s
graced her parentage, by marrying
axman? Bathershan, man, and do
'll keep us out of the mud, nov
usband is an irish jontleman, bre

DAN.

He, he! Thee be'st a rum gentl

DENNIS.

Troth, and myself, Mr Denn
dery, was brought up to the chur

DAN.

Why, zure.

DENNIS.

You may say that. I open'd th
in Belfast.

DAN.

And what made'em to turn the
treade ?

gaoon. Arrah , Dan, don't I see a tall cus-
ner stretching out his arms in the fog ?

DAN.

Na ; that be the road-post.

DENNIS.

Faith , and so it is. Och ! when I was turn'd
t of my snug-birth in Belfast , the tears
wn my eighteen-year-old cheeks, like but
milk.

DAN.

'shaw, man! nonsense! Thee'dst never get
ther livelihood by crying,

DENNIS.

'es, I did; I cried oysters. Then I pluck-
p — what's that ? a customer !

DAN (Looking out.)

DENNIS.

But, somehow, the dc quarrel; so I gave him some

DAN.

And what didst thee give

DENNIS.

I gave him a black-eye; self at Lestweithel; where the exciseman, was in his soul! He was my patient,

but his widow had such a neat notion of my subscriptions, that in three weeks, she wa Mrs Brulgruddery.

DAN.

He, he! so you jumped into the old man' money?

DENNIS.

Only a dirty hundred pounds.—Then he brother-in-law, bad luck to him! kept the Re Cow, upon Muckslush heath, till his tee chatter'd him out of the world, in an ague

DAN.

Why, that be this very house.

DENNIS.

Ould Nick fly away with the roof of it! took the remainder of the lease, *per* advic my bride, Mrs Brulgruddery. Laid out good-looking hundred pound for the furni and the good-will. Bought three pigs that going into a consumption; took a sarv man—

DAN.

That's I.—I be a going into a consu tion too, sin you hired me.

DENNIS.

And devil a soul has darken'd my doors for a pot of beer since I've been a publican.

DAN.

See! — See mun, see! yon's a traveller, sure as eggs! — and a coming this road.

DENNIS.

Och, hubbaboo! a customer, at last! St. Patrick send he may be a pure dry one! Be alive, Dan, be alive! run and tell him there's elegant refreshment at the sign of the Red Cow.

DAN.

I wull — Oh, dang it, I doesn't mind a bit of a lie.

DENNIS.

And, hark ye, say there's an accomplished landlord.

DAN.

Ees — and a genteel waiter; but he'll see that.

DENNIS.

And, Dan; sink that little bit of a thunder-storm, that has soured all the beer, you know.

DAN.

What, dost take me for an oaf? Dang if he ha'n't been used to drink vinegar, find it out fast enow of himsel, I'se war un!

Exit.

DENNIS.

Wife! — I must tell her the joyful new Mrs Brulgruddery! my dear! Devil choak dear! — she's as deaf as a trunk-maker Mrs Brulgruddery!

Enter Mrs BRULGRUDDERY.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

And what do you want now with Mrs gruddery? What's to become of us? Tell that. How are we going on I should lik know.

DENNIS,

Mighty like a mile stone — standing this present writing.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

A pretty situation we are in truly.

DENNIS.

Yes ; upon Muckslush heath, and be damned to it.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

And, where is the fortune I brought you ?

DENNIS.

All swallowed up by the Red Cow.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Ah ! had you followed my advice, we shou'd never have been in such a quandary.

DENNIS.

Tunder and turf ! didn't yourself advise me to take this publick-house ?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

No matter for that. I had a relation who always kept it. But who advised you to drink out all the brandy ?

DENNIS.

No matter for that — I had a relation who always drank it.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Crying.)

Ah ! my poor dear Mr Skinnygauge never brought tears into my eyes, as you do !

DENNIS.

I know that — I saw you at his funeral.

DENNIS.

.m I ? — keep it to yourself, then, my bkin.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

'ou'll be the death of me; you know you .

DENNIS.

ook up, my sweet Mrs Brulgruddery ! le I give you a small morsel of consola- .

MRS BRULGRUDDERY,

onsolation, indeed !

DENNIS.

es — There's a customer coming.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY (Brightening.)

Vhat ?

DENNIS.

Dennis! But I knew how it would be, if you had but a little patience. Remember it was all by my advice you took the Red Cow.

DENNIS.

Och ho! it was, was it?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I'll run, and spruce myself up a bit. Aye aye, I hav'n't prophesied a customer to-day, for nothing.

(Goes into the house.)

DENNIS.

Troth, and it's prophesying on the sure side, to foretell a thing when it has happened.

Enter DAN, conducting PEREGRINE. The latter carrying a small trunk under his arm.

PEREGRINE.

I am indifferent about accommodations.

DAN.

Our'n be a comfortable parlour, zur: you'll find it clean: for I washed un down mysen, wringing wet, five minutes ago.



PEREGRINE.

You have told me so twenty times.

DAN.

This be the Red Cow, zur, as ye may see by the pictur; and here be measter, he'll treat ye in an hospital manner, zur, and shew you a deal o' contention.

DENNIS.

I'll be bound, sir, you'll get good entertainment, whether you are a man or a horse.

PEREGRINE.

You may lodge me as either, friend. I ca sleep as well in a stable as in a bed chamber; fc travel has seasoned me. — Since I have pr served this (Half aside, and pointing to the trunk u der his arm), I can lay my head upon it wi' tranquillity, and repose any where.

DENNIS.

Faith, it seems a mighty decent, hard ter. What is it stuff'd with, I wonder!

PEREGRINE.

That which keeps a miser awake — m

DAN.

DENNIS.

I'd be prond, sir, to know your upholsterer, he shonld make me a feather-bed gratis, of the same pretty materials. If that was all my own, I'd sleep like a pig, though I'm married to Mrs Brulgruddery.

PEREGRINE.

I shall sleep better because it is not my own.

DENNIS.

Your own's in a snugger place, then? safe from the sharks of this dirty world, and be hang'd to 'em.

PEREGRINE.

Except the purse in my pocket, 'tis now, I fancy, in a place most frequented by the sharks of this world.

DENNIS.

London, I suppose?

PEREGRINE.

The bottom of the sea.

DENNIS.

By my soul, that's a watering place — and you'll find sharks there, sure enough, in all conscience.

Vhat would you chuse to take, sir, arter
ır walk this raw morning? We have any
ıg you desire.

DENNIS.

Yes, sir, we have any thing. (Aside) Any
ng's nothing, they say.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Dan, bustle about, and see the room rea-
, and all tidy; do you hear?

DAN.

I wull.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

What would you like to drink, sir?

PEREGRINE.

my opinion he'll take a fancy to our sour beer.

(Exit into the house.)

PEREGRINE.

Is your house far from the sea shore ?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

About three miles , sir.

PEREGRINE.

So ! — And I have wander'd upon the heath four hours , before day-break.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Lackaday ! has any thing happened to you, sir ?

PEREGRINE.

Shipwreck — that's all.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Mercy on us ! cast away ?

PEREGRINE.

On your coast, here.

DENNIS.

Then , compliment apart , sir, you take a ducking as if you had been used to it.

PEREGRINE.

Life's a lottery, friend, and man should make up *his mind* to the blanks. On what part of *Cornwall am* I thrown ?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

We are two miles from Penzance, sir.

PEREGRINE.

Ha ! from Penzance ! that's lucky !

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Aside to Dennis.)

Lucky ! Then he'll go on, without drinking at our house.

DENNIS.

A hem ! — Sir, there has been a great big thunder-storm at Penzance, and all the beer in the town's as thick as mustard.

PEREGRINE.

I feel chilled — get me a glass of brandy.

DENNIS. (Aside.)

Och, the devil. Bring the brandy-bottle for the jontleman, my jewel.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Apart.)

Don't you know you've emptied it, you sot you ?

DENNIS. (Apart.)

Draw a mug of beer, I'll palaver him.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Apart

Ah ! if you would but follow my advice.

(Exit into the house.)

DENNIS.

You see that woman that's gone, sir — she's my wife, poor soul! She has but one misfortune, and that's a wapper.

PEREGRINE.

What's that ?

DENNIS.

We had as neat a big bottle of brandy, a week ago — and damn the drop's left. But I say nothing — she's my wife, poor creature! and she can tell who drank it. Wouldn't you like a sup of sour — I mean, of our strong beer ?

PEREGRINE.

Pshaw ! no matter what. Tell me is a person of the name of Thornberry still living in Penzance ?

DENNIS.

Is it one Mr Thornberry you are asking after ?

PEREGRINE.

Yes. When I first saw him (indeed it was the first time and the last), he had just begun to adventure humbly in trade. His stock was very slender, but his neighbours account-

[redacted]

man , and I know they spoke
y years ago, after half an hour's
hich proved to me his benevo-
squeezed his hand , and parted,

DENNIS.

! after half an hour's dish of
sonable good time to remember!

PEREGRINE.

or he did me a genuine service ;
writes her records in the heart ,
ses to beat , they may live in

RUDDERY (With a mug of beer.)

GRUDDERY. (Apart to Dennis.)
ou said about the brandy-bottle.

DENNIS. (Apart.)
ou broke it one day.

ULGRUDDERY. (Apart.)
ways the shelter for your sins.

DENNIS.

Peregrine.) You know , sir , I —
ntion'd to you poor Mrs Brul-
fortune.

PEREGRINE.

Ha, ha! you did, indeed, friend,

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I am very sorry, sir, but —

DENNIS.

Be easy, my lambkin! the jontleman excuses it. You are not the first that has crack'd a bottle, you know. — Here's your beer, sir. (Aside.) I'm not of a blushing nation, or I'd be shame-faced to give it him. My jewel, the jontleman was asking after one Mr Thornberry. (Delaying to give the beer.)

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

What! old Job Thornberry of Penzance, sir?

PEREGRINE.

The very same. You know him then?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Very well, by hearsay, sir. He has lived here upwards of thirty years. A very thriving man now, and well to do in the world. (To Dennis.) as others might be, if they would but follow my advice.

PEREGRINE.

I rejoice to hear it. Give me the beer, land-



ealth in humble malt, then

e, giving him the mug.)

then, you'll make wry fa-

out to drink, a shriek is heard
small distance.

PEREGRINE.

of a female in distress! then
s to fly to her protection.

ng on the ground and exit.)

BRULGRUDDERY.

at a whirligig! why, Dennis,

DENNIS.

thing.

RS BRULGRUDDERY.

n down all the beer, be'

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Here he comes again, and, I declare, with a young woman leaning on his shoulder.

DENNIS.

A young woman! let me have a bit of a peep (Looking out). Och! the crater! Och the —

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Heyday! I shou'dn't have thought of your peeping after a young woman, indeed!

DENNIS.

Be asy, Mrs Brulgruddery! it's a way we have in Ireland. There's a face!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Well, and hav'n't I a face, pray?

DENNIS.

That you have, my lambkin! You have had one these fifty years ago, I'll be bound for you.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Fifty years! You are the greatest brute that ever dug potatoes.

Re-enter PEREGRINE, supporting MARY.

PEREGRINE.

This way. Cheer your spirits; the ruffian with



u struggling, has fled across the
ɪpeed prevented my saving your
your money too in the parcel
hes?

MARY.

ı'd in the world, sir; and he has
ɪe! — Indeed I thank you, sir,

PEREGRINE.

ɪe, compose yourself. Whither
, pretty one?

MARY.

ell, sir.

PEREGRINE.

:r do you come from?

MARY.

st know, sir.

PEREGRINE.

hen your proceedings, child
,

MARY.

PEREGRINE.

ɔpear to need a friend to direct

you'll betray me, I'm certain.

PEREGRINE.

Have you ever suffered from trea
poor innocence ?

MARY.

Yes, sir.

PEREGRINE.

And may not one of your own
been treacherous to you ?

MARY.

No ; sir ; I'm sure he was a ma

DENNIS.

Oh, the blackguard !

[redacted]

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

your tongue, do.

PEREGRINE.

. to me, child; I would proffer you
.p, for your own sake — for the sake
olence. When ages are nearly equal,
s prone to breathe so warmly on the
of a friendship between the two sexes,
fruit is desire; but time, fair one, is
g snow on my temples, while Hebe
r freshest ringlets over yours. Rely,
n one who has number'd years suffi-
correct his passions; who has encoun-
ficulties enough to teach him sym-
id who would stretch forth his hand to
ing female, and shelter her like a father.

MARY.

ir! I do want protection sadly indeed!
.) I am very miserable.

PEREGRINE.

, do not droop. The cause of your dis-
erhaps, is trifling: but, light gales of
will make women weep. A woman's
like the dew that zephyrs shake from
Nay, confide in me.

MARY.

I will, sir; (Looking round.) but —

PEREGRINE.

Leave us a little, honest friends.

DENNIS.

A hem! — Come, Mrs Brulgruddery! let you and I pair off, my lambkin!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Going.)

Ah! she's no better than she should be, I'll warrant her.

DENNIS.

By the powers, she's well enough though for all that.

(Exeunt DENNIS and wife into the house.)

PEREGRINE.

Now, sweet one, your name?

MARY.

Mary, sir.

PEREGRINE.

What else?

MARY.

Don't ask me that, sir; my poor father might be sorry it was mention'd now.

PEREGRINE.

What is he?

MARY.

A tradesman in the neighbouring town, sir

PEREGRINE.

Is he aware of your departure?

MARY.

No, sir.

PEREGRINE.

And your mother?

MARY.

I was very little when she died, sir.

PEREGRINE.

Has your father, since her death, treate
ou with cruelty.

MARY.

He? Oh! bless him! no! he is the ki-

[redacted]

MARY.

Pray, sir, don't talk of that.

PEREGRINE.

Why did you fly from him?

MARY.

Sir, I... I... but that's my story, sir.

PEREGRINE.

Relate it then.

MARY.

Yes, sir. — You must know then, sir, that — there was a young gentleman in this neighbourhood, that — O, dear sir, I'm quite ashamed!

PEREGRINE.

Come, child, I will relieve you from the embarrassment of narration, and sum up your history in one word: — love.

MARY.

That's the beginning of it, sir; but a great deal happen'd afterwards.

PEREGRINE.

And who is the hero of your story, my poor girl?

MARY.

The hero of? — O, I understand — he's

[redacted]

much above me in fortune, sir. To be sure I should have thought of that before he such power over my heart, to make me wretched, now he has deserted me.

PEREGRINE.

He would have thought of that, had his own heart been generous.

MARY.

He is reckon'd very generous, sir; he can afford to be so. When the old gentleman dies, he will have all the great family estate. I am going to the house, now, sir.

PEREGRINE.

For what purpose?

MARY.

To try if I can see him for the last time, sir; to tell him I shall always pray for his happiness, when I am far away from a place which he has made it a misery for me to abide in;— and to beg him to give me a little supply of money, now I'm pennyless, from home, to help me to London; where I may get into service, and nobody will know me.

PEREGRINE.

And what are his reasons, child, for thus deserting you?

MARY.

He sent me his reasons by letter, yesterday, sir. He is to be married next week, to a lady of high fortune. His father, he says, insists upon it. I know I am born below him; but after the oaths we plighted, heaven knows the news was a sad, sad shock to me! I did not close my eyes last night; my poor brain was burning, and, as soon as day broke, I left the house of my poor father, whom I should tremble to look at, when he discover'd my story: — which I could not long conceal from him.

PEREGRINE.

Poor, lovely, heart-bruised wanderer! O wealthy despoilers of humble innocence! splendid murderers of virtue! who make your vice your boast, and fancy female ruin a feather in your caps of vanity — single out a victim you have abandon'd, and, in your hours of death, contemplate her! view her, care-worn, friendless, pennyless; — hear her tale of sorrows, fraught with her remorse, — her want. — a hard world's scoffs, her parents' anguish; — then, if ye dare, look inward upon your own

MARY.

Simon Rochdale, sir; of the Manor-
, hard by.

PEREGRINE (Surprised.)

deed!

MARY.

:rhaps you know him, sir?

PEREGRINE.

have heard of him, and on your account,
! visit him.

MARY.

, pray, sir, take care what you do! if
should bring his son into trouble, by men-
ing me, I should never, never forgive
elf!

[redacted]

than your own means, poor simplicity, are likely to effect. What say you?

MARY.

I hardly know what to say, sir. — you seem good, — and I am little able to help myself.

PEREGRINE.

You consent then?

MARY.

Yes, sir.

PEREGRINE (Calling.)

Landlord!

Enter DENNIS from the door of the house. Mrs BRULGRUDDERY following.

DENNIS.

Did you call, sir? Arrah, now, Mrs Brulgruddery, you are peeping after the young lady, yourself.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I chuse it.

PEREGRINE.

Prepare your room, good folks; and get

DENNIS.

at I will, with all my heart and soul,

MRS BRULGRUDDERY, (Sulkily.)

lon't know that we have any room at all, ay part.

DENNIS.

/hew! she's in her tantrums.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

eople of good repute can't let in young ıen (found upon a heath, forsooth,) wiıt knowing who's who. I have learned the s of the world, sir.

PEREGRINE.

o it seems; which too often teach you to -rate the little good you can do in it, and [illegible] the door when the distress'd entreat

[redacted]

ACT I, SCENE I.

DENNIS.

Mighty pretty handsel for the Red Cov lambkin.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY,

A couple of guineas ! Lord , sir ! If I tho you had been such a gentleman ! P miss , walk in ! Your poor dear little feet be quite wet with our nasty roads. I beg don,sir ; but character's every thing in oui siness , and I never lose sight of my own dit.

DENNIS.

That you don't — till you see other ple's ready money.

PEREGRINE.

Go in , child. I shall soon be with again.

MARY.

You *will* return , then , sir ?

PEREGRINE.

Speedily. Rely on me.

MARY.

I shall , sir ; — I am sure I may. He *bless* you , sir !

MRS BRULGRUDDERY, (Curtesying.)

This way, miss! this way!

(Exeunt MARY and landlady into the house.)

DENNIS.

Long life to your honour for protecting the petticoats! sweet creatures! I'd like to protect them myself, by bushels.

PEREGRINE.

Can you get me a guide, friend, to conduct me to Penzance?

DENNIS.

Get you a guide? There's Dan, my servant, shall skip before you over the bogs like a grasshopper. Oh, by the powers! my heart's full to see your generosity, and I owe you a favour in return: never you call for any of my beer, till I get a fresh tap.

(Exit into the house.)

PEREGRINE.

Now for my friend Thornberry; ther again to interest myself in the cause o' fortunate: for which many wou'd Quixote; many would cant out

but I care not for the stoicks, nor the puritans. Genuine nature, and unsophisticated morality, that turn disgusted from the rooted adepts in vice, have ever a reclaiming tear to shed on the children of error. Then let the sterner virtues, that allow no plea for human frailty, stalk on to paradise without me! The mild associate of my journey thither, shall be charity, and my pilgrimage to the shrine of mercy, will not, I trust, be worse perform'd for having aided the weak, on my way, who have stumbled in their progress.

Enter DAN.

DAN.

I be ready, zur.

PEREGRINE.

For what, friend?

DAN.

Measter says you be a-going to Penzance; if you be agreeable, I'll keep you company.

PEREGRINE.

Oh — the guide. You belong to the hou



DAN.

Ees, zur; I'se enow to do; I be head-waiter and hostler: only we never have no hoses, nor customers.

PEREGRINE.

The path, I fancy, is difficult to find. D you never deviate?

DAN.

Na, zur; I always whistles.

PEREGRINE.

Come on, friend. It seems a dreary route but how cheerily the eye glances over a steri tract, when the habitation of a benefactor whom we are approaching to requite, lies i the perspective!

(. Exeunt.)

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Library in the House of Sir SIMON ROCHDALE; *Books scattered on a writing-table.*

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON, and a SERVANT.

SHUFFLETON.

Nobody up yet? I thought so.

Enter SERVANT.

Ah, John, is it you! How d'ye do, John?

JOHN.

Thank your honour, I—

SHUFFLETON.

Yes, you look so. Sir Simon Rochdale in bed? Mr. Rochdale not risen? Well! no matter: I have travell'd all night, though, to be with them. How are they?

JOHN.

Sir, they are both —

[redacted]

SHUFFLETON.

I'm glad to hear it. Pay the post-boy for m

JOHN.

Yes, sir. I beg pardon, sir; but when yo honour last left us —

SHUFFLETON.

Owed you three pound five. I remember: have you down in my memorandums — Honourable Tom Shuffleton debtor to — What's your name?

JOHN.

My christian name, sir, is —

SHUFFLETON.

Muggins — I recollect. Pay the post-boy, Muggins. And, hark ye, take particular care of the chaise: I borrow'd it of my friend, Bobby Fungus, who sprang up a peer, in the last bundle of barons: if a single knob is knock'd out of his new coronets, he'll make me a sharper speech than ever he'll produce in parliament. And, John! —

JOHN.

Sir,

SHUFFLETON.

What was I going to say?

[redacted]

JOHN.

Indeed, sir, I can't tell.

SHUFFLETON.

No more can I. 'Tis the fashion to be absent —that's the way I forgot your little bill. There, run along.

(Exit JOHN.)

I've the whirl of Bobby's chaise in my head still. Cursed fatiguing, posting all night, through Cornish roads, to obey the summons of friendship! Convenient, in some respects, for all that. If all loungers of slender revenues, like mine, could command a constant succession of invitations, from men of estates, in the country, how amazingly it would tend to the thinning of Bond-street!

(Throws himself into a chair, near the writing table.)

Let me see — what has sir Simon been reading? — « Burn's Justice » — true; the old man's reckon'd the ablest magistrate in the county: he hasn't cut open the leaves, I see. « Chesterfield's Letters »—pooh! his system of education

ct: Belcher and the butcher have super-
t. « Clarendon's History of —. »

Enter SIR SIMON ROCHDALE.

SIR SIMON.

h, my dear Tom Shuffleton!

SHUFFLETON.

Baronet! how are you?

SIR SIMON.

Such expedition is kind, now! You got my
etter at Bath, and —

SHUFFLETON.

Saw it was pressing: — here I am. Cut all
my engagements for you, and came off like a
shot.

SIR SIMON.

Thank you: thank you, heartily!

SHUFFLETON.

Left every thing at sixes and sevens.

SIR SIMON.

Gad, I'm sorry if —

SHUFFLETON.

Don't apologize; — nobody does.
ll my bills, in the place, unpaid.

ve

fi
c

SIR SIMON.

Bless me! I've made it monstrous inconvenient!

SHUFFLETON.

Not a bit—I give you my honour, I didn't find it inconvenient at all. How is Frank Rochdale?

SIR SIMON.

Why, my son isn't up yet; and, before he's stirring, do let me talk to you, my dear Tom Shuffleton! I have something near my heart, that—

SHUFFLETON.

Don't talk of your heart, baronet;—feeling's quite out of fashion.

SIR SIMON.

Well, then, I'm interested in—

SHUFFLETON.

Aye, stick to that. We make a joke of the heart, now-a-days; but when a man mentions his interest, we know he's in earnest.

SIR SIMON.

Zounds! I *am* in earnest. Let me speak, and call my motives what you will.

SHUFFLETON.

Speak — but don't be in a passion. We are always cool at the clubs; the constant habit of ruining one another, teaches us temper. Explain.

SIR SIMON.

Well, I will. You know, my dear Tom, how much I admire your proficiency in the *New School* of breeding; — you are, what I call, one of the highest finish'd fellows, of the *present day*.

SHUFFLETON.

Psha! baronet; you flatter.

SIR SIMON.

No, I don't; only in extolling the merits of the newest-fashion'd manners and morals, I am sometimes puzzled, by the plain gentlemen, who listen to me, here in the country, most consumedly.

SHUFFLETON.

I don't doubt it.

SIR SIMON.

Why, 'twas but t'other morning, I was haranguing old sir Noah Starchington, in my library, and explaining to him the shining quali-

ties of a dasher, of the year eighteen hundred and three; and what do you think he did?

SHUFFLETON.

Fell asleep.

SIR SIMON.

No; he pull'd down an english dictionary; when (if you'll believe me!) he found my definition of stylish living, under the word « insolvency; » a fighting crop turn'd out a « dock'd bull-dog; » and modern gallantry, « adultery and seduction. »

SHUFFLETON.

Noah Starchington is a damn'd old twaddler. But the fact is, baronet, we improve. We have voted many qualities to be virtues, now, that they never thought of calling virtues formerly. The rising generation wants a new dictionary, damnably.

SIR SIMON.

Deplorably indeed! You can't think, my dear Tom, what a scurvy figure you, and the dashing fellows of your kidney, make in the old ones. But you have great influence over my son, Frank; and I want you to exert it. You are

intimate—you come here,
ee months at a time , you know.

SHUFFLETON.

Yes—this is a pleasant house.

SIR SIMON.

You ride his horses , as if they were your own.

SHUFFLETON.

Yes—he keeps a good stable.

SIR SIMON.

You drink our claret with him , till his he aches.

SHUFFLETON.

Yours is famous claret , baronet.

SIR SIMON.

...orm out his secrets ; you wi... you are—

SHUFFLETON.

To how much?

SIR SIMON.

Damn it, now, how like a modern man of the world that is! Formerly, they would have ask'd to *who*.

SHUFFLETON.

We never do, now: fortune's every thing. We say « a good match, » at the west end of the town, as they say « a good man, » in the city: the phrase refers merely to money. Is she rich?

SIR SIMON.

Four thousand a year.

SHUFFLETON.

What a devilish desirable woman! Frank's a happy dog!

SIR SIMON.

He's a miserable puppy. He has no more notion, my dear Tom, of a modern « good match, » than Eve had of pin-money.

SHUFFLETON.

What are his objections to it?

SIR SIMON.

I have smoked 'im; but he doesn't know that: a silly, sly amour, in another quarter.

SHUFFLETON.

ır! That's a very unfashionable rea-
:lining matrimony.

SIR SIMON.

ɑow his romantick flights. The block-
ɩelieve, is so attach'd, I shou'dn't won-
ɜ flew off at a tangent, and married the
.t has bewitch'd him.

SHUFFLETON.

ıo is she?

SIR SIMON.

ıe—hem!—she lives with her father, in
ɩance.

SHUFFLETON.

And who is *he?*

SIR SIMON.

He—upon my soul, I am ashamed to t
ʃou.

SHUFFLETON.

Don't be asham'd; we never blush
thing, in the New School.

SIR SIMON.

Damn me, my dear Tom, if he isn'

SHUFFLETON.

The devil!

SIR SIMON.

A dealer in kitchen candlesticks, coal skuttles, coppers, and cauldrons.

SHUFFLETON.

And is the girl pretty?

SIR SIMON.

So they tell me: a plump little devil, as round as a tea kettle.

SHUFFLETON.

I'll be after the brazier's daughter, to-morrow.

SIR SIMON.

But you have weight with him. Talk to him, my dear Tom — reason with him; try your power, Tom, do!

SHUFFLETON.

I don't much like plotting with the father against the son — that's reversing the new school, baronet.

SIR SIMON.

But it will serve Frank: it will serve *me*, who wish to serve *you*. And to prove that I do wish it, I have been keeping something in embryo for you, my dear Tom Shuffleton, against your arrival.

SHUFFLETON.

For me ?

SIR SIMON.

When you were last leaving us, if you recollect, you mentioned, in a kind of a way, a —a sort of an intention of a loan, of an odd five hundred pounds.

SHUFFLETON.

Did I ? I believe I might. When I intend to raise money, I always give my friends the preference.

SIR SIMON.

I told you I was out of cash, then, I remember.

SHUFFLETON.

Yes; that's just what I told you, I remember.

SIR SIMON (Presenting the money.)

I have the sum floating by me, now, and much at your service.

SHUFFLETON (Taking it.)

Why, as it's lying idle, baronet, I—I—don't much care if I employ it.

SIR SIMON.

Use your interest with Frank, now.

SHUFFLETON.

Rely on me. Shall I give you my note?

SIR SIMON.

No, my dear Tom; that's an unnecessary trouble.

SHUFFLETON.

Why, that's true—with one who knows me so well as you.

SIR SIMON.

Your verbal promise to pay, is quite as good.

SHUFFLETON (Going.)

I'll see if Frank's stirring.

SIR SIMON.

And I must talk to my steward.

SHUFFLETON (Going.)

Baronet!

SIR SIMON (Returning.)

Eh?

SHUFFLETON.

Pray, do you employ the phrase, « verbal promise to pay, » according to the reading of old dictionaries, or as it's the fashion to use it

(Exeunt, severally.)

SCENE II.

A Dressing-room.

FRANK ROCHDALE, writing; WILLIAMS.

FRANK (Throwing down the pen.)

It don't signify—I cannot write. I blot, an ar; and tear, and blot and — Come here 'illiams. Do let me hear you, once more. Wh e devil don't you come here.

WILLIAMS.

I *am* here, sir.

FRANK.

FRANK.

And, she read it—and—did you say, she—she was *very* much affected, when she read it?

WILLIAMS.

I told you last night, sir; she look'd quite death-struck, as I may say.

FRANK (Much affected.)

Did—did she weep, Williams?

WILLIAMS.

No, sir; but I did afterwards; I don't know what ail'd me; but, when I got out of the house into the street, I'll be hang'd if I didn't cry like a child.

FRANK.

You are an honest fellow, Williams. (A knock at the door.) See who is at the door.

(WILLIAMS opens the door, and JOHN enters.)

WILLIAMS.

Well, what's the matter?

JOHN.

There's a man, in the porter's lodge, says he won't go away without speaking to Mr Francis.

FRANK.

See who it is, Williams. Send him to me, if

I'll take care, sir.

(Exit WILLIAMS.)

FRANK.

Must I marry this woman, whom my fath has chosen for me; whom I expect here t morrow? And must I, then, be told 'tis crimir to love my poor, deserted Mary, because o hearts are illicitly attach'd? Illicit for the hear fine phraseology! Nature disowns the restri tion; I cannot smother her dictates with t polity of governments, and fall in or out love, as the law directs.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

Well, friend, who do you come from?

DENNIS.

your honour's father's house, here. I'd be proud of your custom, sir, and all the good-looking family's.

FRANK (Impatiently.)

Well, well, your business?

DENNIS.

That's what the porter ax'd me. « Tell me your business, honest man, » says he—« I'll see you damn'd first, sir, » says I: — » I'll tell it your betters;—and that's Mr Francis Rochdale, esquire. »

FRANK.

Zounds! then, why don't you tell it? I am Mr Francis Rochdale. Who the devil sent you here?

DENNIS.

Troth, sir, it was good-nature whisper'd me to come to your honour: but I believe I've dis-remember'd her directions; for, damn the bit do you seem acquainted with her.

FRANK.

Well, my good friend, I don't mean to be violent; only be so good as to explain your business.

DENNIS.

Oh, with all the pleasure in life.—Give me

good words, and I'm as asey as an ould glove: but bite my nose off with mustard, and have at you with pepper, that's my way. — There is a little crature at my house: she's crying her eyes out:—and she wont get such another pair at the Red Cow; for I've left nobody with her but Mrs Brulgruddery.

FRANK.

With *her!* with who? Who are you talking of?

DENNIS.

I'd like to know her name myself, sir; but I have heard but half of it; and that's Mary.

FRANK.

Mary! — Can it be she? — Wandering on a heath! seeking refuge in a wretched hovel!

DENNIS.

A hovel! O fie for shame of yourself, to misbecall a genteel tavern! I'd have you to know my parlour is clean sanded once a week.

FRANK.

Tell me, directly—what brought her to your house?

DENNIS.

By my soul, it was Adam's own carriage:



a ten-toed machine the haymakei Ireland.

FRANK.

Damn it, fellow, don't trifle, bu story; and, if you can, intelligibly

DENNIS.

Don't be bothering my brains, you'll get it as clear as mud. Sure crature can't fly away from the Red I'm explaining to you the rights o she promise the gentleman to stay t back?

FRANK.

Promised a gentleman!—Who?— gentleman?

DENNIS.

Arrah, now, where did you larr Wou'd you ax a customer his birth and education? « Heaven bless you come back again, » says she — « Th will, before you can say, parsnips, m says he.

FRANK.

Damnation! what does this mea your errand, clearly, you scoundr

FRANK.

Well, go on.

DENNIS.

Damn the word more will I tell you.

FRANK.

Why, you infernal —

DENNIS.

Oh, be asy! see what you get, now, by affronting Mr Dennis Brulgruddery (Searching his pockets), I'd have talk'd for an hour if you had kept a civil tongue in your head; (Giving a note.) but now you may read the letter.

FRANK.

A letter!—stupid booby!—why didn't y give it to me at first? (Opens the letter.) Ye is her hand.

DENNIS.

Stupid! If you're so fond of lett might larn to behave yourself to the

FRANK (Reading, and agi

« Not going to upbraid yo

rest at my father's » — « trifling assistance » — Oh heavens! does she, then, want assistance? — « The gentleman, who has befriended me. » — damnation! — the gentleman! — « your unhappy Mary. » Scoundrel that I am! what is she suffering! but who, who is this gentleman? — no matter. — She is distress'd, heart-breaking! — and I, who have been the cause; — I, who—here—(Running to the writing table, and opening a drawer.) Run, fly, despatch!

DENNIS.

He's mad!

FRANK.

Say I will be at your house, myself — remember, positively come, or send — in the course of the day. — In the mean time, take this (Presenting a purse), and give it to the person who sent you.

DENNIS.

A purse? faith, aud I'll take it. Do you know how much is in the inside?

FRANK.

Psha! no. No matter.

DENNIS.

Troth, now, if I'd trusted a great big purse

FRANK.

Worthy, honest fellow!

DENNIS (Counting.)

Eleven — twelve — thirteen.

FRANK.

I'll be the making of your house, my good fellow.

DENNIS.

Damn the Red Cow, sir, you put me out. Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen.—Nineteen fat-yellow boys, and a seven-shilling piece. Tel' 'em yourself, sir; then chalk 'em up over the chimney-piece, else you'll forget, you kn

FRANK.

O, friend, when honesty, so palpably as yours, keeps the account, I care n arithmetick. Fly, now! — bid the se you any refreshment you chuse, to execute your commission.

DENNIS.

Thank your honour! good luck to you! I'll taste the beer: but, by my soul, if the butler comes the Red Cow over me, I'll tell him I know sweet from sour.

(Exit DENNIS.)

FRANK.

Let me read her letter once more.—(Reads)

« I am not going to upbraid you;—but after I got your letter, I could not rest at my father's, where I once knew happiness and innocence. I wish'd to have taken a last leave of you, and to beg a trifling assistance; but he gentleman who has befriended me, in my anderings, would not suffer me to do so: yet could not help writing, to tell you I am quitg this neighbourhood for ever. That you y never know a moment's sorrow will, al-rs, be the prayer of

« Your unhappy

« MARY. »

I.



My mind is hell to me! love, sorrow, remorse, and—yes, and jealousy, all distract me: —and no counsellor to advise with; no friend, to whom I may—

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

Tom Shuffleton! you never arrived more *a propos*, in your life.

SHUFFLETON.

That's what the women always say to me. I've rumbled on the road all night, Frank. My bones ache, my head's muzzy, and we'll drink two bottles of claret, a piece, after dinner, to enliven us.

FRANK.

You seem in spirits, Tom, I think, now.

SHUFFLETON.

Yes: I've had a windfall—Five hundred pounds.

FRANK.

A legacy?

SHUFFLETON.

No.—The patient survives who was sick of his money. 'Tis a loan from a friend.



FRANK.

'Twould be a pity, then, Tom, if the patient experienced improper treatment.

SHUFFLETON.

Why that's true: but his case is so rare, that it isn't well understood, I believe. Curse me, my dear Frank, if the disease of lending is epidemic.

FRANK.

But the disease of trying to borrow, my dear Tom, I am afraid, is.

SHUFFLETON.

Very prevalent indeed, at the west end of the town.

FRANK.

And, as dangerous, Tom, as the small-pox. They should inoculate for it.

SHUFFLETON.

That wou'dn't be a bad scheme; but I took it naturally. Psha! damn it, don't shake your head. Mine's but a mere *façon de parler:* just as we talk to one another about our coats: we never say; « Who's your tailor? » We always ask, « Who suffers? « Your father tells me you are going to be married; I give you joy.



FRANK.

Joy! I have known nothing but torment, and misery, since this cursed marriage has been in agitation.

SHUFFLETON.

Umph! Marriage was a weighty affair, formerly: so was a family-coach;—but domestick duties, now, are like town-chariots; they must be made light, to be fashionable.

FRANK.

Oh, do not trifle. By acceding to this match, in obedience to my father, I leave to all the pangs of remorse, and disappointed love, a helpless, humble girl, and rend the fibres of a generous, but too credulous, heart, by cancelling, like a villain, the oaths with which I won it.

SHUFFLETON.

I understand:—a snug thing in the country. Your wife, they tell me, will have four thousand a year.

FRANK.

What has that to do with sentiment?

SHUFFLETON.

I don't know what you may think; but if a



id to me, plump, « sir, I am very fond thousand a-year. » I should say,—« sir, ıud your sentiment very highly. »

FRANK.

, how does he act, who offers his hand woman, at the very moment his heart is d to another?

SHUFFLETON.

›ffers a great sacrifice.

FRANK.

, where is the reparation to the unfor- he has deserted?

SHUFFLETON.

annuity. A great many unfortunates stylish carriage, up and down St. James's upon such a provision.

FRANK.

annuity, flowing from the fortune, I e, of the woman I marry! is that de-

SHUFFLETON.

convenient. We liquidate debts of play, ury, from the same resources.

FRANK.

call a crowd of jews and gentlemen-

gamesters together, to be settled with, during the debtor's honeymoon!

SHUFFLETON.

No, damn it, it wou'dn't be fair to jumble the jews into the same room with our gaming acquaintance.

FRANK.

Why so?

SHUFFLETON.

Because, twenty to one, the first half of the creditors begin dunning the other.

FRANK.

Nay, for once in thy life, be serious. Read this (Giving the letter), which has wrung my heart, and repose it, as a secret, in your own.

SHUFFLETON (Glancing over it.)

A pretty, little, crow-quill kind of a hand. — « Happiness, — innocence, — trifling assistance — gentleman befriended me — unhappy Mary. » Yes, I see — (Returning it.) — She wants money, but has got a new friend. The style's neat, but the subject isn't original.

FRANK.

Will you serve me at this crisis?



SHUFFLETON.

Certainly.

FRANK.

I wish you to see my poor Mary, in the urse of the day. Will you talk to her?

SHUFFLETON.

O yes—I'll talk to her. Where is she to be en?

FRANK.

She writes, you see, that she has abruptly t her father—and I learn, by the messenger, at she is now in a miserable, retired house, the neighbouring heath. That mustn't deter u from going.

SHUFFLETON.

Me? Oh; dear no—I'm used to it. I don't e how retired the house is.

FRANK.

Come down to my father, to breakfast. I will l you afterwards all I wish you to execute. , Tom! this business has unhinged me for ciety. Rigid morality, after all, is the best at of mail for the conscience.

SHUFFLETON.

Our ancestors, who wore mail, admired



amazingly; but to mix in the gay world, with their rigid morality, would be as singular as stalking into a drawing room, in their armour: for dissipation is, now, the fashionable habit, with which, like a brown coat, a man goes into company, to avoid being stared at.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

An apartment in Job Thornberry's *house.*

Enter JOB THORNBERRY (in a night-gown) and BUR.

BUR.

Don't take on so—don't you, now! I pray, listen to reason.

JOB.

I won't.

BUR.

Pray, do!

JOB.

I won't. Reason bid me love my child, and help my friend: what's the consequence? my

friend has run one way, and broke up my trade: my daughter has run another, and broke my —. No, she shall never have it to say she broke my heart. If I hang myself for grief, she sha'n't know she made me.

BUR.

Well, but, master —

JOB.

And reason told me to take you into my shop, when the fat churchwardens starved you at the workhouse, — damn their want of feeling for it!—and you were thump'd about, a poor, unoffending, ragged-rump'd boy, as you were — I wonder you hav'n't run away from me, too.

BUR.

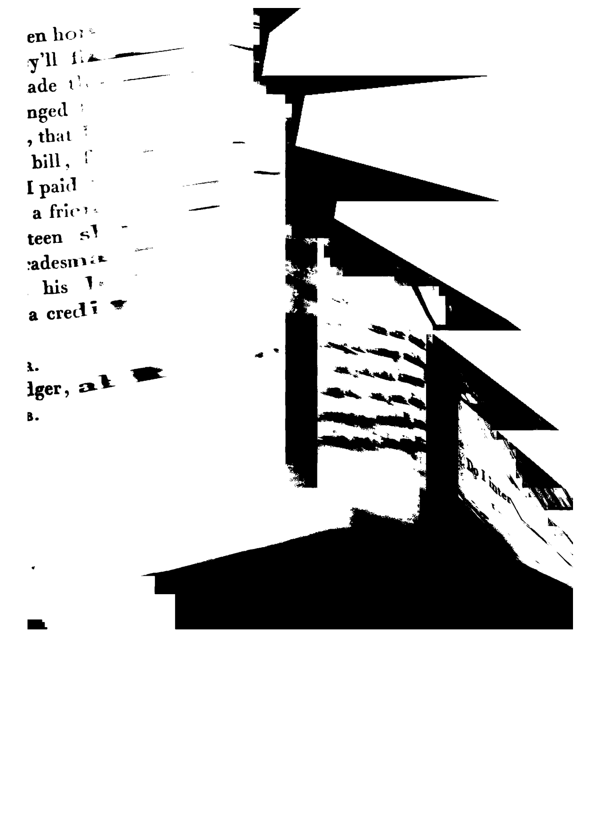
That's the first real unkind word you ever said to me. I've sprinkled your shop two-and-twenty years, and never miss'd a morning.

JOB.

The bailiffs are below, clearing the goods: — you won't have the trouble any longer.

BUR.

Trouble! look ye, old Job Thornberry —



en ho
y'll
ade
nged
, that
bill,
I paid
a frie
teen
adesm
his
a cred

R.
dger, al
B.

Do I inter

... lord, what sort of ...
... expect in lady Caroline ...
... grave, domestic turn: l...
...s, has past the three last ...
...id her ladyship enter in ...
...e first circles?

...RD. FITZ BALAAM.

... gay as a lark, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

...ke the lark in her hours, ...

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

...al more like the owl, sir Simon...

SIR SIMON.

...). Frank's mornings in London, ...
...ere her ladyship's nights ...
...n't be very ...

JOB.

Well! What you are going to be saucy to me, now I'm ruined?

BUR.

Don't say one cutting thing after another.— You have been as noted, all round our town, for being a kind man, as being a blunt one?

JOB.

Blunt or sharp, I've been honest. Let them look at my ledger — they'll find it right. I began upon a little; I made that little great by industry; I never cringed to a customer to get him into my books, that I might hamp him with an overcharged bill, for long cred I earn'd my fair profits; I paid my fair way break by the treachery of a friend, and my dividend will be seventeen shillings in pound. I wish every tradesman in Eng may clap his hand on his heart, and as much, when he asks a creditor to sig certificate.

BUR.

'Twas I kept your ledger, all the tin

JOB.

I know you did.

BUR.

From the time you took me out of the workhouse.

JOB.

Psha! rot the workhouse!

BUR.

You never mention'd it to me, yourself, till to-day.

JOB.

I said it in a hurry.

BUR.

And I've always remember'd it at leisure. I don't want to brag, but I hope I've been found faithful. It's rather hard to tell poor John Bur, the workhouse-boy, after cloathing, feeding, and making him your man of trust, for two-and-twenty years, that you wonder he don't run away from you, now you're in trouble.

JOB (Affected.)

John — (Stretching out his hand.) — I beg your pardon.

BUR (Taking his hand.)

Don't say a word more about it.

JOB.

I—

BUR.

Pray, now, master, don't say any more! come, be a man! get on your things; and face the bailiffs, that are rummaging the goods.

JOB.

I can't, John; I can't. My heart's heavier than all the iron, and brass, in my shop.

BUR.

Nay, consider what confusion! — pluck up a courage; do, now!

JOB.

Well, I'll try.

BUR.

Aye, that's right: here's your clothes. They'll play the devil with all the pots and pans, if you aren't by. Why, I warrant you'll do! bless you, what should ail you?

JOB.

Ail me? do you go, and get a daughter, John Bur; then let her run away from you, and you'll know what ails me.

BUR.

Come, here's your coat and waistcoat. This is the waistcoat young mistress work'd, with her own hands, for your birth-day, five years ago. Come, get into it, as quick as you can.

JOB (Throwing it on the floor violently.)

I'd as lieve get into my coffin. She'll have me there, soon. Psha! rot it! I'm going to snivel. Bur, go, and get me another.

BUR.

Are you sure you won't put it on?

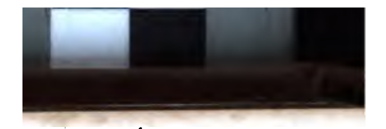
JOB.

No, I won't. No, I tell you.

(Exit Bur.)

JOB.

How proud I was of that waistcoat, five years ago! I little thought what would happen, now, when I sat in it, at the top of my table, with all my neighbours to celebrate the day: there was Collop, on one side of me, and his wife on the other; and my daughter Mary sat at the further end; — smiling so sweetly; — like an artful, good-for-nothing — I shou'dn't like to throw away a waistcoat neither. — I may as well put it on. — Yes — it would be poor spite not to put it on (Putting his arms into it.) — She's breaking my heart; but, I'll wear it; — I'll wear it. (Buttoning it, as he speaks, and crying, involuntarily.)



It's my child's—She's undutiful,—ungrateful, barbarous, — but she's my child,—and she'll never work me another.

Re-enter BUR.

BUR.

Here's another waistcoat; but it has laid by so long, I think it's damp.

JOB.

I was thinking so myself, Bur; and so —

BUR.

Eh — what, you've got on the old one? Well, now, I declare, I'm glad of that. Here's your coat. (Putting it on him.) 'Sbobs! this waistcoat feels a little damp, about the top of the bosom.

JOB (Confused.)

Never mind, Bur, never mind.—A little water has dropt on it; but it won't give me cold, I believe.

(A noise of voices, in altercation, without.)

BUR.

Heigh! they are playing up old Harry below!

I'll run, and see what's the matter. Make haste after me, do, now!

(Exit Bur.)

JOB.

I don't care for the bankruptcy, now. I can face my creditors, like an honest man: and I can crawl to my grave, afterwards, as poor as a church-mouse. What does it signify? Job Thornberry has no reason, now, to wish himself worth a groat: the old ironmonger and brazier has nobody to hoard his money for, now! I was only saving for my daughter; and she has run away from her doating, foolish father, — and struck down my heart — flat — flat. —

Enter PEREGRINE.

JOB.

Well, who are you?

PEREGRINE.

A friend.

JOB.

Then, I'm sorry to see you. I have just been ruin'd by a friend; and never wish to have ano-

Climate, and years have been at work on it. While Europeans are scorching under an Indian sun, Time is doubly busy in fanning their features with his wings. But, do you remember no traces of me?

JOB.

No, I tell you. If you have any thing to say, say it. I have something to settle, below, with my daughter.—I mean, with the people in the shop; — they are impatient; and the morning has half run away, before she knew I should be up. — I mean before I had time to get on my coat and waistcoat, she gave me—I mean— I mean, if you have any business, tell it, at once.

PREGRINE.

I *will* tell it, at once. You seem ag
The harpies, whom I pass'd in your sh
form'd me of your sudden misfortu
not despair yet.

JOB.

Aye, I'm going to be a bankrupt—but that don't signify. Go on: it isn't that: they'll find all fair;—but, go on.

PEREGRINE.

I will. 'Tis just thirty years ago since I left England.

JOB.

That's a little after the time I set up in the hardware business.

PEREGRINE.

About that time, a lad of fifteen years enter'd your shop: he had the appearance of a gentleman's son; and told you he had heard, by accident, as he was wandering through the streets of Penzance, some of your neighbours speak of Job Thornberry's goodness to persons in distress.

JOB.

I believe he told a lie there.

PEREGRINE.

Not in that instance, though he did in another.

PEREGRINE.

He had lost his parents, he said; and, destitute of friends, money, and food, was making his way to the next port, to offer himself to any vessel that would take him on board, that he might work his way abroad, and seek a livelihood.

JOB.

Yes, yes; he did. I remember it.

PEREGRINE.

You may remember, too, when the boy had finish'd his tale of distress, you put ten guineas in his hand. They were the first earnings of your trade, you told him, and could not be laid out to better advantage than in relieving a helpless orphan: and, giving him a letter of recommendation to a sea-captain at Falmouth, you wish'd him good spirits, and prosperity. He left you with a promise, that, if fortune ever smiled upon him, you should, one day, hear news of Peregrine.

JOB.

Ah, poor fellow! poor Peregrine! he was a pretty boy. I should like to hear news of him, I own.

PEREGRINE.

I am that Peregrine.

JOB.

Eh? what—you are? No: let me look at you again. Are you the pretty boy, that—bless us, how you are alter'd!

PEREGRINE.

I have endured many hardships, since I saw you; many turns of fortune: but, I deceived you (it was the cunning of a truant lad) when I told you I had lost my parents. From a romantick folly, the growth of boyish brains, I had fix'd my fancy on being a sailor, and had run away from my father.

JOB (With great emotion.)

Run away from your father! If I had known that, I'd have horsewhipp'd you, within an inch of your life!

PEREGRINE.

Had you known it, you had done right, perhaps.

JOB.

Right? Ah! you don't know what it is for a child to run away from a father! Rot me, if I wou'dn't have sent you back to him, tied,



neck and heels, in the basket of the s
coach.

PEREGRINE.

I have had my compunctions: have expre
them by letter to my father: bnt I fear
penitence had no effect.

JOB.

Served you right.

PEREGRINE.

Having no answers from him, he died, I
without forgiving me.

JOB (Starting.)

What! died! without forgiving his chil
Come, that's too much. I cou'dn't have
that, neither. But, go on: I hope you've
prosperous. But you shou'dn't—you sho
have quitted your father.

PEREGRINE.

I acknowledge it: yet, I have seen
rity; though I traversed many count
my outset, in pain and poverty. C
length, raised me a friend in India
interest, and my own industry, I
siderable wealth, in the factory at

JOB.

And have just landed it, I suppose, in England?

PEREGRINE.

I landed one hundred pounds, last night, in my purse, as I swam from the Indiaman, which was splitting on a rock, half a league from the neighbouring shore. As for the rest of my property—bills, bonds, cash, jewels—the whole amount of my toil and application, are, by this time, I doubt not, gone to the bottom; and Peregrine is return'd, after thirty years, to pay his debt to you, almost as poor as he left you.

JOB.

I won't touch a penny of your hundred pounds—not a penny.

PEREGRINE.

I do not desire you: I only desire you to take your own.

JOB.

My own?

PEREGRINE.

Yes; I plunged with this box, last night, into the waves. You see, it has your name on it.

JOB.

« Job Thornberry, » sure enough. And what's in it?

PEREGRINE.

The harvest of a kind man's charity; — the produce of your bounty, to one whom you thought an orphan. I have traded, these twenty years, on ten guineas (which, from the first, I had set apart as yours), till they have become ten thousand: take it; it could not, I find, come more opportunely. Your honest heart gratified itself in administering to my need; and I experience that burst of pleasure, a grateful man enjoys, in relieving my reliever. — (Giving him the box.)

JOB. (Squeezes PEREGRINE's hand, returns the box, and seems almost unable to utter.)

Take it again.

PEREGRINE.

Why do you reject it?

JOB.

I'll tell you as soon as I'm able. T'other I lent a friend—Pshaw, rot it! I'm an old (Wiping his eyes.) I lent a friend, t'oth the whole profits of my trade, to



from sinking. He walk'd off with them, and made me a bankrupt. Don't you think he is a rascal?

PEREGRINE.

Decidedly so.

JOB.

And what should I be, if I took all you have saved in the world, and left you to shift for yourself?

PEREGRINE.

But the case is different. This money is, in fact, your own. I am inured to hardships; better able to bear them, and am younger than you. Perhaps, too, I still have prospects of—

JOB.

I won't take it. I'm as thankful to you, as if I left you to starve: but I won't take it.

PEREGRINE.

Remember, too, you have claims upon you, which I have not. My guide, as I came hither, said, you had married in my absence: 'tis true, he told me, you were, now, a widower; but, it seems, you have a daughter to provide for.



JOB.

I have no daughter to provide for, now!

PEREGRINE.

Then, he misinform'd me.

JOB.

No, he didn't. I had one, last night; but she's gone.

PEREGRINE.

Gone!

JOB.

Yes; gone to sea, for what I know, as you did. Run away from a good father, as you did. This is a morning to remember;—my daughter has run out, and the bailiffs have run in;—I sha'n't soon forget the day of the month.

PEREGRINE.

This morning, did you say!

JOB.

Aye, before day-break;—a hard-hearted, base—

PEREGRINE.

And could she leave you, during the derangement of your affairs?

JOB.

She didn't know what was going to happen,

poor soul! I wish she had, now. I don't think my Mary would have left her old father in the midst of his misfortunes.

PEREGRINE (Aside.)

Mary! it must be she! What is the amount of the demands upon you?

JOB.

Six thousand. But I don't mind that: the goods can nearly cover it — let 'em take 'em — damn the gridirons and warming-pans! I could begin again — but, now my Mary's gone, I hav'n't the heart; but I shall hit upon something.

PEREGRINE.

Let me make a proposal to you, my old friend. Permit me to settle with the officers, and to clear all demands upon you. Make it a debt, if you please. I will have a hold, if it must be so, on your future profits in trade: but do this, and I promise to restore your daughter to you.

JOB.

What? bring back my child! Do you know where she is? Is she safe? Is she far off? Is—

PEREGRINE.

Will you receive the money?

JOB.

Yes, yes; on those terms—on those conditions. But, where is Mary?

PEREGRINE.

Patience. I must not tell you yet; but, in four-and-twenty hours, I pledge myself to bring her back to you.

JOB.

What, here? to her father's house? and safe? Oh, 'sbud! when I see her safe, what a thundering passion I'll be in with her! But you are not deceiving me? You know, the first time you came into my shop, what a bouncer you told me, when you were a boy.

PEREGRINE.

Believe me, I would not trifle with you, now. Come, come lown to your shop, that we may rid it of its present visitants.

JOB.

I believe you dropt from the clouds, all o a sudden, to comfort an old, broken-heart brazier.



PEREGRINE.

I rejoice, my honest friend, that I arrived at so critical a juncture; and, if the hand of Providence be in it, 'tis because heaven ordains that benevolent actions, like yours, sooner or later, must ever meet their recompence.

(Exeunt.)



ACT III, SCENE I.

Sir SIMON ROCHDALE'*s Library.*

Enter sir SIMON ROCHDALE, and the earl of FITZ BALAAM.

SIR SIMON.

Believe me, my lord, the man I wish'd most to meet in my library this morning, was the earl of Fitz-Balaam.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Thank you, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

Your arrival, a day before your promise, gives us such convenient leisure to talk over the arrangements, relative to the marriage of lady Caroline Braymore, your lordship's daughter, with my son.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

True, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

Then, while lady Caroline is at her toilet, we'll dash into business at once; for I know

your lordship is a man of few words. They tell me, my lord, you have sat in the Upper House, and said nothing but aye and no, there, for these thirty years.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

I spoke, for more than a minute, in the year of the influenza.

SIR SIMON.

Bless me! the epidemic perhaps raging among the members at the moment?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Yes; they cough'd so loud, I left off in the middle.

SIR SIMON.

And you never attempted again?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

I hate to talk much, sir Simon; — 'tis my way, tho' several don't like it.

SIR SIMON.

I do. I consider it as a mark of your lordship's discretion. The less you say, my lord, in my mind, the wiser you are; and I have often thought it a pity that some noble orators hav'n't follow'd your lordship's example. — But here are the writings. (Sitting down wit



lord FITZ BALAAM, and taking them from the table.)
We must wave ceremony now, my lord, for all this pile of parchment is built on the independant four thousand a year of your daughter, lady Caroline, on one hand, and your lordship's incumbrances, on the other:

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

I have saddles on my property, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

Which saddles, your lordship's property being uncommonly small, look something like sixteen stones upon a poney. The Fitz Balaam estate, for an earl, is deplorably narrow.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Yet it has given security for a large debt.

SIR SIMON.

Large indeed! I can't think how you have contrived it. 'Tis the archbishop of Biobdignag squeezed into Tom Thumb's pantaloons.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

Mine is the oldest estate in England, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

If we may judge of age by decay, it must be very ancient, indeed! —

Callender castle, in the county
land, and Simon Rochdale, baronet
hock-house, in the county of Co
By the bye, my lord, considerin
expence attends that castle, which
own disposal, and that, if the auctio
soon knock it down, the weather wi
der what has prevented your lordship
ing it to the hammer.

LORD FITZ BALAAM (Proudly.)

The dignity of my ancestors. I ha
in my family, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

A deal of excellent blood, my lord;
the butler down to the house-dog, cu
ever I found so little flesh

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

You must pay me forty thousand pounds.

SIR SIMON.

Right, again. Your lordship says little; but 'tis terribly plump to the point, indeed, my lord. Here is the covenant: and, now, will your lordship look over the marriage articles?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

My attorney will be here to-morrow, sir Simon. I prefer reading by deputy. (Both rise.)

SIR SIMON.

Many people of rank read in the same way, my lord. And your lordship will receive the forty thousand pounds, I am to pay you, by deputy also, I suppose.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

I seldom swear, sir Simon; but, damn me if I will.

SIR SIMON.

I believe you are right. Yet there are but two reasons for not trusting an attorney with your money: one is, when you don't know him well; and the other is, when you do. And now, since the marriage is concluded, as I may say, in the families, may I take the li-



berty to ask, my lord, what sort of a wife my son Frank may expect in lady Caroline? Frank is rather of a grave, domestic turn: lady Caroline, it seems, has past the three last winters in London. Did her ladyship enter into *all* the spirit of the first circles?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

She was as gay as a lark, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

Was she like the lark in her hours, my lord?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

A great deal more like the owl, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

I thought so. Frank's mornings in London, will begin where her ladyship's nights finish. But his case won't be very singular. Many couples make the marriage bed a kind of cold matrimonial well; and the two family buckets dip into it alternately.

Enter Lady CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

LADY CAROLINE.

Do I interrupt business?

SIR SIMON.

Not in the least. Pray, lady Caroline, come in. His lordship and I have just concluded.

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

And I must go and walk my three miles, this morning.

SIR SIMON.

Must you, my lord?

LORD FITZ BALAAM.

My physician prescribed it, when I told him I was apt to be dull, after dinner.

SIR SIMON.

I would attend your lordship; — but since lady Caroline favours me with —

LADY CAROLINE.

No, no, — don't mind me. I assure you, I had rather you would go.

SIR SIMON.

(Aside.) Had you? — hum! — but the petticoats have their new school of good breeding too, they tell me. Well, we are gone, — have been glancing over the writings, Caroline, that form the basis of my son's *piness: though* his lordship isn't much
o read.

[redacted]

LADY CAROLINE.

But I am. I came here to study very deeply, before dinner.

SIR SIMON. (Shewing the writings.)

What, would your ladyship, then, wish to —

LADY CAROLINE.

To read that? My dear sir Simon! all that hebrew, upon parchment, as thick as a board! I came to see if you had any of the last novels in your book-room.

SIR SIMON.

The last novels! — (Aside.) most of the female new school are ghost-bitten, they tell me.— There's Fielding's works; and you'll find Tom Jones, you know.

LADY CAROLINE.

Psha! that's such a hack!

SIR SIMON.

A hack, lady Caroline, that the knowing ones have warranted sound.

LADY CAROLINE.

But what do you think of those that have ad such a run lately?

SIR SIMON.

Why, I think most of them have run much, and want firing.

(Exeunt Sir Simon and Lord Fitz Balaam.)

LADY CAROLINE.

I shall die of *ennui*, in this moping man house! Shall I read to-day? — No, I'll wa No, I'll — Yes, I'll read, first, and walk, terwards.

(Rings the bell and takes a book.)

—Pope. Come, as there are no novels, this may be tolerable. This is the most *triste* house I ever saw!

(Sits down and reads.)

In these deep solitudes, and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive —

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Did you ring, my lady?

LADY CAROLINE.

« Contemplation dwells. » — Si
I should like to walk. Is it damp
sir? — « And ever musing » —

SERVANT.

There has been a good deal of r
my lady.

LADY CAROLINE.

— « Melancholy reigns. » —

SERVANT.

My lady?

LADY CAROLINE.

Pray, sir, look out, and bring m
it is clean or dirty.

SERVANT.

Yes, my lady.

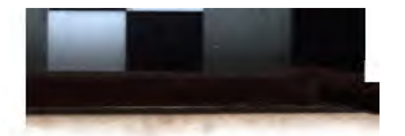
(Exit.)

LADY CAROLINE.

This settling a marriage is a strange
ness! — « What means this tumult in a v
veins? »

TOM SHUFFLETON. (Without.)

Bid the groom lead the horse into the
nue, and I'll come to him.



LADY CAROLINE.

Company in the house! — some cornish squire, I suppose.

(Resumes her reading.)

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON (Speaking while entering), JOHN following him.

LADY CAROLINE. (Still reading, and seated with her back to SHUFFLETON.)

« Soon as thy letters trembling, I unclose » —

JOHN.

What horse will you have saddled, sir?

SHUFFLETON.

Slyboots.

(Exit JOHN.)

LADY CAROLINE.

« That well known name awakens all my woes. »

SHUFFLETON.

Lady Caroline Braymore!

LADY CAROLINE.

Mr Shuffleton! Lard! what can bring you into Cornwall?

SHUFFLETON.

Sympathy : which has generally brought me near your ladyship (in London at least), for these three winters.

LADY CAROLINE.

Psha! but, seriously.

SHUFFLETON.

I was summon'd by friendship. I am consulted on all essential points, in this family: and Frank Rochdale is going to be married.

LADY CAROLINE.

Then, you know to whom?

SHUFFLETON.

No; not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask. He kneels at the pedestal of a rich shrine, and I didn't inquire about the statue. But, dear lady Caroline, what has brought you into Cornwall?

LADY CAROLINE.

Me! I'm the statue.

SHUFFLETON.

You!

LADY CAROLINE.

Yes; I've walk'd off my pedestal, to be worshipp'd at the land's end.



SHUFFLETON.

You to be married to Frank Rochdale! Oh! lady Caroline! what, then, is to become of *me?*

LADY CAROLINE.

Oh, Mr Shuffleton! not thinking that an essential point, I forgot to ask.

SHUFFLETON.

Psha! now you're laughing at me! but, upon my soul, I shall turn traitor: take advantage of the confidence reposed in me, by my friend, and endeavour to supplant him.

LADY CAROLINE.

What do you think the world would call such duplicity of conduct?

Enter SERVANT.

SERVANT.

Very dirty, indeed, my lady.

(Exit.)

SHUFFLETON.

That infernal footman has been listening! I'll kick him round his master's park.

LADY CAROLINE.

'Tis lucky, then, you are booted; for, you hear, he says it is very dirty there.

SHUFFLETON.

Was that the meaning of — Pooh! but you see the — the surprise — the — the agitation has made me ridiculous.

LADY CAROLINE.

I see, something has made you ridiculous; but you never told me what it was, before.

SHUFFLETON.

Lady Caroline, this is a crisis, that — my attentions, — that is, the — In short, the world, you know, my dear lady Caroline, has *given* me to you.

LADY CAROLINE.

Why, what a shabby world it is!

SHUFFLETON.

How so?

LADY CAROLINE.

To make me a present of something it sets no value on, itself.

SHUFFLETON.

I flatter'd myself I might not be altogether invaluable to your ladyship.

gardens, that ... by lord ... bye, given me ... leading at the gate ... and have ... constantly in leading at every ball? and have ... you danced with me at every ball? even cut I, unkind, forgetful lady Caroline, when you were in the Newmarket meetings, when you were in London?

LADY CAROLINE.

Bless me! — these charges are brought in like a bill. «To attending your ladyship, at such a time; to dancing down twenty couple with your ladyship at another;» — and, pray, to what do they all amount?

SHUFFLETON.

The fullest declaration.

LADY CAROLINE.

Lard, Mr Shuffleton! why it has, to be sure, looked a — a — a little foolish

you — you never spoke any thing to — that is — to justify such a —

SHUFFLETON.

(Aside.) That's as much as to say, speak now. To be plain, lady Caroline, my friend does not know your value. He has an excellent heart — but that heart is — (Coughs.) — damn the word! (Aside.) It's so out of fashion, it chokes me! — is irrevocably given to another. (Kneeling and kissing her hand.) But mine, — by this sweet hand, I swear!

Enter JOHN.

SHUFFLETON. (Rising hastily.)

Well, sir?

JOHN.

Slyboots, sir, has been down on his knees: and the groom says he can't go out.

SHUFFLETON.

Let him saddle another.

JOHN.

What horse, sir, will you —

SHUFFLETON.

Psha! — any. What do you call Mr Rock-'ale's favourite, now?

JOHN.

Traitor, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

When Traitor's in the avenue, I shall be there.

(Exit JOHN.)

LADY CAROLINE.

Answer me one question, candidly, and, perhaps, I may entrust you with a secret. Is Mr Rochdale seriously attach'd?

SHUFFLETON.

Very seriously.

LADY CAROLINE.

Then I won't marry him.

SHUFFLETON.

That's spirited. Now your secret.

LADY CAROLINE.

Why — perhaps, you may have heard th my father, lord Fitz Balaam, is somehow, so so much in debt, that — but, no matter.

SHUFFLETON.

Oh, not at all: the case is fashionabl *both lords* and commoners.

ACT III, SCI

LADY CAROI

But an old maiden au soul! I never saw, for fam queath'd me an independe lordship's difficulties, I n into this humdrum cornish

SHUFFLET

I see. A sacrifice! — that — to disembarrass his your ladyship better —

LADY CARC

Marry to dissembarrass

SHUFFLE

By my honour, I'm di

LADY CAR

By my honour, I am and so vex'd, that I can nor talk — nor — I'll wa

SHUFFL

Shall I attend you?

LADY CA

No: don't fidget at n the opera. But you shal by and bye.

SHUFFLETON. (Taking her hand.)

When? — Where?

LADY CAROLINE.

Don't torment me. — This evening, or — to morrow, perhaps, in the park, or — psha! we shall meet, at dinner. Do, let me go now, for I shall be very bad company.

SHUFFLETON. (Kissing her hand.)

Adieu, lady Caroline!

LADY CAROLINE.

Adieu!

(Exit.)

SHUFFLETON.

My friend, Frank, here, I think, is very much obliged to me! I am putting matters pretty well *en train* to disencumber him of a wife; — and, now, I'll canter over the heath, and see what I can do for him with the brazier's daughter.

(Exit.)



SCENE II.

A mean Parlour, at the Red Cow.

(A table, pen, ink, and paper on it.)

MARY, and Mrs BRULGRUDDERY, discover'd.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Aye, he might have been there, and back, over and over again; but my husband's slow enough in his motions, as I tell him, till I'm tired on't.

MARY.

I hope he'll be here soon.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Ods, my little heart! Miss, why so impatient? Hav'n't you as genteel a parlour as any lady in the land could wish to sit down in? The bed's turn'd up in a chest of drawers that's stain'd to look like mahogany: there's two poets, and a poll parrot, the best images the Jew had on his head, over the mantle-piece;

by your-
n the cor-
;some like,
ıck, and is

lain.

leed! when,
e over your
left two gui-
t'other looks
t for you, as
: the lucre of
money, but,
ret.



MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Aye, this is a faintish time o' year; but I must give you a little something, I suppose: I'll open the window, and give you a little air.

DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY. (Singing without.)

They handed the whiskey about,
'Till it smoked thro' the jaws of the piper;
The bride got a fine copper snout,
And the clergyman's pimples grew riper.
Whack doodlety bob,
Sing pip.

MARY.

There's your husband!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

There's a hog: for he's as drunk as one, I know, by his beastly bawling.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

DENNIS. (Singing.)

Whack doodlety bob, sing pip.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Sing pip, indeed! sing sot!—and that's to your old tune.

MARY.

Hav'n't you got an answer?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Hav'n't you got drunk?

DENNIS. (Pulls a bottle from his pocket.)

Be asy, and you'll see what I've got, in a minute.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

What's that?

DENNIS.

Good Madeira it was, when the butler at the big house gave it me. It jolts so over the health, if I hadn't held it to my mouth, I'd have wasted half. (Puts it on the table.) There, miss, I brought it for you; and I'll get a glass from the cupboard; and a plate for this paper of sweet cakes, that the gentlefolks eat, after dinner, in the desart.

MARY.

But, tell me if—

DENNIS. (Running to the cupboard.)

Eat and drink, my jewel; and my di
shall serve for the seasoning. — (Fil
Drink, now, my pretty one! for y



nothing, I'll be bound. Och, by the pov
know the ways of ould mother Brulgru

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Old mother Brulgruddery!

DENNIS.

Don't mind her; — take your prog; —
starve a saint.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I starve a saint!

DENNIS.

Let him stop at the Red Cow, as plu
a porker, and you'd send him away
week, like a weasel. (Offering the plate to
Bite a maccaroony, my darling!

MARY.

I thank you.

DENNIS.

Faith, no merit of mine; 'twas the
that stole it: take some. (Lets the plate fall.)
by St Patrick!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Screaming.)

Our best China plate broke all to sl

DENNIS.

Delf, you deceiver! delf. The cat's
dish, rivetted.

MARY.

Pray, now, let me hear your news.

DENNIS.

That I will. Mrs Brulgruddery, I take tl small liberty of begging you to get out, n lambkin.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I shan't budge an inch. She needn't ashamed of any thing that's to be told, if sh what she shou'd be.

MARY.

I know what I should be, if I were in yo place.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Marry, come up! And what shou'd you b then?

MARY.

More compassionate to one of my own se or to any one, in misfortune. Had you co to me, almost broken-hearted, and not loo like one quite abandon'd to wickedne should have thought on your misery, an got that it might have been brought your faults.

DENNIS.

At her, my little crature! By my soul, she'll bother the ould one! — Faith, the Madeira has done her a deal of service!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

What's to be said, is said before *me*; and that's flat.

MARY. (To Dennis.)

Do tell it, then; but, for others' sakes, don't mention names. I wish to hide nothing, now, on my own account; though the money that was put down for me, before you would afford me shelter, I thought might have given me a little more title to hear a private message.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I've a character, for virtue, to lose, young woman.

DENNIS.

When that's gone, you'll get another — that's of a damn'd impertinent landlady. Sure, she has a right to her parlour; and hav'n't I brought her cash to swallow up the Red Cow's rent for these two years?

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Have you! — Well, though the young lady

DENNIS.

Och, botheration to the respect that's bought, by knocking one shilling against another, at an inn! Let the heart keep open house, I say; and if charity isn't seated inside of it, like a beautiful barmaid, it's all a humbug to stick up the sign of the christian.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I'm sure miss shall have any thing she likes, poor, dear thing! There's one chicken —

DENNIS.

A chicken! — Fie on your double barbarity! Would you murder the tough dunghill cock, to choak a customer? — A certain person, that shall be nameless, will come to you in the course of this day, either by himself, or by hand-writing.

MARY.

And not one word — not one, by letter now?

DENNIS.

asey — won't he be here soon? In

DENNIS.

Hould your gab, woman. Count them, darling.

(MARY counts the money.)

MRS BRULGRUDDERY. (Drawing DENNIS aside.)

What have you done with the rest?

DENNIS.

The rest!

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

Why, have you given her all?

DENNIS.

I'll tell you what, Mrs Brulgruddery; it's my notion, in summing up your last accounts, that, when you begin to dot, Ould Nick will carry one; and that's yourself, my lambkin.

SHUFFLETON. (Without,)

Hollo! Red Cow!

DENNIS.

You are call'd, Mrs Brulgruddery.

MRS BRULGRUDDERY.

I, you Irish bear! — Go, and (Looking towards the window), — Jimminy! a traveller on horseback (Runs out)! and the handsomest gentleman I ever saw in my life.

MARY.

Oh, then, it must be he!

DENNIS.

No, faith, it isn't the young squire.

MARY. (Mournfully.)

No!

DENNIS.

There — he's got off the outside of his horse: it's that shabby spark I saw, crossing the court-yard, at the big house. Here he is.

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON.

SHUFFLETON. (Looking at MARY.)

Devilish good-looking girl, upon my soul! (Sees DENNIS.) Who's that fellow?

DENNIS.

Welcome to Muckslush heath, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

Pray sir, have you any business

DENNIS. (Aside.)

Manners! but he's my customer. If he don't behave himself to the young cratur, I'll bounce in, and thump him blue.

(Exit.)

SHUFFLETON. (Looking at MARY.)

Shy, but stylish — much elegance, and no brass, the most extraordinary article that ever belong'd to a brazier. — (Addressing her.) — Don't be alarm'd, my dear. Perhaps you didn't expect a stranger?

MARY.

No, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

But you expected somebody, I believe, didn't you?

MARY.

Yes, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

I come from him: here are my credentials.



BULL.

l that, my dear little girl,
r I am authorized.

g the superscription.)

s she is opening the letter.)

faith, and very like my
how it will end; — she'll be
huffleton.

Y. (Reading.)

flicts of my mind have sub-
tunity will permit, I will
y. My friend is instructed
:very arrangement for your
tfelt grief I add, family cir-
›rn me from you for ever. »

falling. SHUFFLETON supports her.)

UFFLETON.

iis looks like earnest! They
ly in London.

. (Recovering.)

— I expected this; but

old
My
thir
mu:

old train: after the shower, it will clear.— My dear girl, don't flurry yourself: these are things of course, you know. To be sure, you must feel a little resentment at first, but—

MARY.

Resentment! When I am never, never to see him again! Morning and night, my voice will be raised to heaven, in anguish, for his prosperity! And tell him—pray, sir, tell him, I think the many, many bitter tears I shall shed, will atone for my faults; then, you know, as it isn't himself, but his station, that sunders us, if news shou'd reach him that I have died, it can't bring any trouble to his conscience.

SHUFFLETON.

Mr Rochdale, my love, you'll find, will be very handsome.

MARY.

I always found him so, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

He has sent you a hundred pound bank note (Giving it to her), till matters can be arranged, just to set you a going.

MARY.

I *was* going, sir—out of this country, for

ever. Sure he couldn't think it necessary to send me this, for fear I should trouble him!

SHUFFLETON.

Pshaw! my love, you mistake: the intention is to give you a settlement.

MARY.

I intended to get one myself, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

Did you?

MARY.

Yes, sir; in London. I shall take a place in the coach to-morrow morning; and I hope the people of the inn, where it puts up at the end of the journey, will have the charity to recommend me to an honest service.

SHUFFLETON.

Service? Nonsense! You — you must think differently. I'll put you into a situation in town.

MARY.

Will you be so humane, sir?

SHUFFLETON.

Should you like Marybone parish, my l

MARY.

All parishes are the same to me, now I quit my own, sir.

ACT

I'll write a li
quarter, and — O
and talks as he is writ
myself, in about
you, to see how

Oh, sir! you

I mean to be y
the letter.) There,
and old acquain
tured, discreet,

You are ver
ashamed to loo
face, if she hea

No you nee
charity for the
me.

* A street near
dence of a *certain*
than described.

MARY.

I don't know how to thank you, sir. The unfortunate must look up to such a lady, sure, as a mother.

SHUFFLETON.

She has acquired that appellation. — You'll be very comfortable; — and, when I arrive in town, I'll —

Enter PEREGRINE.

Who have we here? — Oh! — ha! — ha! — This must be the gentleman she mention'd tc Frank in her letter. (Aside.) Rather an ancien *ami.*

PERÉGRINE.

(Aside.) So! — I suspected this might be t case. You are Mr Rochdale, I presume, sir.

SHUFFLETON.

Yes, sir, you do presume: bnt I am Mr Rochdale.

PEREGRINE.

I beg your pardon, sir: for mistakin for so bad a person.

SHUFF

Mr Rochdale, sir, i
you mean to recomme
ter (Pointing to Mary), g
gest to you, that it mu
him, before me.

PERE

I have not acquired
ing, sir, which isn't
and when I call the
cence a bad character
true to be abusive.

SHU

'Tis a pity, then
a little better, what i

PEB

I am always willi

SHU

I hope, sir, you
your instructor.

PE

You are unequal
rel with me in the
unfit to teach me tl

of the town.

PEREGRINE.

I make no distinctions in the ends of the owns, sir: the ends of integrity are always uniform; and 'tis only, where those ends are nost promoted, that the inhabitants of a town, et them live east or west, most preponderate n rational estimation.

SHUFFLETON.

Pray, sir, are you a methodist preacher, n want of a congregation?

PEREGRINE.

Perhaps I'm a quack doctor in want of a Jack Pudding. — Will you engage with me?

SHUFFLETON.

Damn me if this is to be borne. Sir, the

her mother.

PEREGRINE. (Looking at the superscription.)

Infamous! sit down, and compose yoursel
my love: the gentleman and I shall soon con
to an understanding.

(MARY sits in the back of the scene, the men advanc

One word, sir: I have lived long in Indi
but the flies, who gad thither, buz in o
ears, 'till we learn what they have blown up
in England. I have heard of the wretch,



whose house you meant to place that unfortunate.

SHUFFLETON.

Well? And you meant to place her in snugger lodgings, I suppose?

PEREGRINE.

I mean to place her where —

SHUFFLETON.

No, my dear fellow, you don't: unless you answer it to me.

PEREGRINE.

I understand you. In an hour, then, I shall be at the manor-house whence I suppose, you come. Here we are both unarm'd; and there is one waiting at the door, who, perhaps, might interrupt us.

SHUFFLETON.

Who is he?

PEREGRINE.

Her father: her agonized father; — to whose intreaties I have yielded, and brought him here, prematurely. He is a tradesman; — beneath your notice; — a vulgar brazier; — but he has some sort of feeling for his child; whom, now your friend has lured her to the preci-



pice of despair, you would hurry down the gulph of infamy. For your own convenience, sir, I would advise you to avoid him.

SHUFFLETON.

Your advice, now, begins to be a little sensible; and, if you turn out a gentleman, tho' I suspect you to be one of the brazier's company, I shall talk to you at sir Simon's.

(Exit.)

MARY.

Is the gentleman gone, sir?

PEREGRINE.

Let him go, child; and be thankful that you have escaped from a villain.

MARY.

A villain, sir!

PEREGRINE.

The basest; for nothing can be baser than manly strength, in the specious form of protection, injuring an unhappy woman. When we should be props to the lily in the storm, 'tis damnable to spring up like vigorous weeds, and twine about the drooping flower, till we destroy it.

MARY.

Then, where are friends to be found, *sir*? He seem'd honest; so do you; but, perhaps, you may be as bad.

PEREGRINE.

Do not trust me. I have brought you a friend, child, in whom, nature tells us, we ever should confide.

MARY.

What, here, sir?

PEREGRINE.

Yes; — when he hurts you, he must wound himself; and so suspicious is the human heart become, from the treachery of society, that it wants that security. I will send him to you.

(Exit.)

MARY.

Who can he mean! I know nobody but Mr Rochdale that, I think, would come to me. For my poor dear father, when he knows all my crime, will abandon me, as I deserve.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, at the door PEREGRINE has gone out at.

JOB.

Mary!

(MARY shrieks and falls, her father runs to her.)

My dear Mary! — speak to me!

MARY. (Recovering.)

Don't look kindly on me, my dear father! Leave me; I left you: but I was almost mad.

JOB.

I'll never leave you, till I drop down dead by your side. How could you run away from me, Mary? (She shrinks.) Come, come, kiss me, and we'll talk of that another time.

MARY.

You hav'n't heard half the story, or I'm sure you'd never forgive me.

JOB.

Never mind the story now, Mary; — 'tis a true story that you're my child, and that's enough for the present. I hear you have met with a rascal. I hav'n't been told who, yet.

MARY.

I cou'dn't stay and be deceitful; and it has often cut me to the heart to see you shew me that affection, which I knew I didn't deserve.

JOB.

Ah! you jade! I ought to be angry; but I can't. Look here — don't you remember this waistcoat? you work'd it for me, you know.

MARY. (Kissing him.)

I know I did.

JOB.

I had a hard struggle to put it on this morning; but, I squeezed myself into it, a few hours after you ran away. If I could do *that*, you might have told me the worst, without much fear of anger. How have they behaved to you, Mary.

MARY.

The landlord is very humane, but the landlady —

JOB.

Cruel to you? I'll blow her up like gunpow-

der in a copper. We must stay here, to-night; for there's Peregrine, that king of good fellows, we must stay here 'till he comes back, from a little way off, he says.

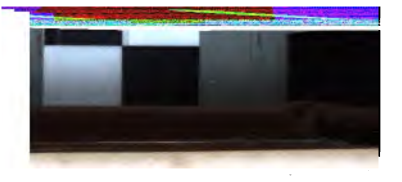
MARY.

He that brought you here?

JOB.

Ay, he. I don't know what he intends — but I trust all to him: — and when he returns, we'll have such a merry-making! Hollo! house! Oh, damn it, I'll be good to the landlord; but I'll play hell with his wife! Come with me, and let us call about us a bit. Hollo! — house! come, Mary! odsbobs, I'm so happy to have you again! House! — come, Mary?

(Exeunt.)



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The outside of the Red Cow.

DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY before the door.

DENNIS.

I've stretch'd my neck half a yard longer, looking out after that rapscallion, Dan. Och! and is it yourself I see, at last? There he comes, in a snail's trot, with a basket behind him, like a stage-coach.

Enter DAN, with a basket at his back.

Dan, you divil! aren't you a beast of a waiter?

DAN.

What for?

DENNIS.

To stay out so, the first day of company.

DAN.

Come, that be a good un! I ha' waited the company a week, and I defy you to ever left the house till they comed.

DENNIS.

Well, and that's true. Pacify me with a good reason, and you'll find me a dutiful master. Arrah, Dan, what's that hump grown out at your back, on the road?

DAN.

Plenty o' meat and drink. (Puts the basket on the ground.) I ha'n't had such a hump, o' late, at my stomach.

DENNIS.

And who harness'd you, Dan, with all that kitchen-stuff?

DAN.

He as ware rack'd, and took I wi un to Penzance, for a companion. He order'd I, as [said things were a little famish'd-like, here, o buy this for the young woman, and the ld man he ha' brought back wi' un.

DENNIS.

Then you have been gabbling your ill-look-g stories about my larder, you stone-eater!

DAN.

Larder! I told un you had three live pigs vare dying.

DAN.

Ees; that be old Job Thornberry, the brazier; and, as sure as you stand there, when we got to his shop, they were a going to make him a banker.

DENNIS.

A banker! I never saw one made. How do they do it?

DAN.

Why, the bum-baileys do come into his house, and claw away all his goods and furniture.

DENNIS.

By the powers, but that's one way of setting a man going in business!

DAN.

When we got into the shop, there they were, as grum as thunder. You ha' seen a bum-bailey?

DENNIS.

I'm not curious that way. I might have seen one, once or twice; but I was walking mighty fast, and had no time to look behind me.

DAN.

My companion — our customer — he went up stairs, and I bided below: and then they began a knocking about the goods and chapels. That ware no business o' mine.

DENNIS.

Sure it was not.

DAN.

Na, for sartin; so I ax'd 'em what they ware a doing: and they told I, wi' a broad grin, taking an invention of the misfortunate man's defects.

DENNIS.

Choak their grinning! The law of the land's a good doctor; but, bad luck to those that gorge upon such a fine physician's poor patients! Sure, we know, now, and then, it's mighty wholesome to bleed; but nobody falls in love with the leech.

DAN.

They comed down stair — our customer and

he brazier; and the head bailey he began ›ullocking at the old man, in my mind, ji is one christian shou'dn't do to another. I h ıothing to do wi' that.

DENNIS.

Damn the bit.

DAN.

No, nothing at all; and so my blood began o rise. He made the poor old man almost fit o cry.

DENNIS.

That wasn't your concern, you know.

DAN.

Bless you, mun! 'twould ha' look'd busy-ike, in me, to say a word; so I took up a varming-pan, and I bang'd bum-bailey, wi' he broad end on't, till he fell o' the floor, as lat as twopence.

DENNIS.

Oh hubaboo! lodge in my heart, and I'll ıever ax you f rent — you're a friend in ıeed. Remember I've a warming pan — you :now where it hangs, and that's enough.

DAN.

They had like to ha' warm'd I, finely, I d



know. I ware nigh being haul'd to prison; 'cause, as well as I could make out their cant, it do seem I had rescued myself, and broke a statue.

DENNIS.

Och, the Philistines!

DAN.

But our traveller — I do think he be the devil — he settled all in a jiffy; for he paid the old man's debts, and the bailey's broken head ware chuck'd into the bargain.

DENNIS.

And what did he pay?

DAN.

Guess, now.

DENNIS.

A hundred pounds?

DAN.

Six thousand, by gum!

DENNIS.

What! on the nail?

DAN.

Na, on the counter.

DENNIS.

Whew! — six thousand pou - - -! Oh, b-

DAN.

Hush! here he be.

Enter PEREGRINE. (From the house).

PEREGRINE. (To Dan).

So, friend, you have brought provision, perceive.

DAN.

Ees, sir: three boil'd fowls, three roast, t chicken pies, and a capon.

PEREGRINE.

You have consider'd abundance, more th variety. And the wine?

DAN.

A dozen o' capital red port, sir: I ax'd f the newest they had i' the cellar.

ACT IV, SCENE I.

DAN.

What, now?

PEREGRINE.

Yes; to sir Simon Rochdale's. You a tired, my honest fellow?

DAN.

Na, not a walking wi' you: but, dang when you die, if all the shoemakers shou go into mourning.

(Dan takes the hamper into the house).

DENNIS. (Ruminating).

Six thousand pounds! By St Patrick, it' sum!

PEREGRINE.

How many miles from here to the Man house?

DENNIS.

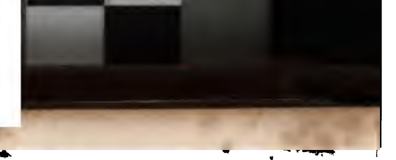
Six thousand!

PEREGRINE.

Six thousand! — yards, you mean, I s pose, friend.

DENNIS.

Sir! — eh? Yes, sir, I — I mean yards ll upon a counter!



PEREGRINE.

Six thousand yards upon a counter! Mine host, here, seems a little bewilder'd: but he has been anxious, I find, for poor Mary, and 'tis national in *him* to blend eccentricity with kindness. John Bull exhibits a plain, undecorated dish of solid benevolence; but Pat has a gay garnish of whim around his good-nature; and if, now and then, 'tis sprinkled in a little confusion, they must have vitiated stomachs, who are not pleased with the embellishment.

Re-enter DAN. (Booted.)

DAN.

Now, sir, you and I'll stump it.

PEREGRINE.

Is the way we are to go, now, so much worse, that you have cased yourself in those boots?

DAN.

Quite clean: that's why I put 'em on: I should ha' dirtied 'm in t'other job.

PEREGRINE.

Set forward, then.

DAN.

Na, sir, axing your pardon; I be but the guide, and 'tisn't for I to go first.

PEREGRINE.

Ha! ha! Then, we must march abreast, boy, like lusty soldiers, and I shall be side by side with honesty: 'tis the best way of travelling thro' life's journey, and why not over a heath? Come my lad.

DAN.

Cheek by jowl, by gum!

(Exeunt PEREGRINE and DAN.)

DENNIS.

That walking philospher — perhaps he'll give me a bag of money. Then, to be sure, I won't lay out some of it to make me easy for life; for I'll settle a separate maintenance upon ould mother Brulgruddery.

(JOB THORNBERRY peeps out at the door of the publick-house).

JOB.

Landlord!

DENNIS.

Coming, your honour.

JOB. (Coming forward.)

Hush! don't bawl; — Mary has fallen asleep. You have behaved like an emperor to her, she says. Give me your hand, landlord.

DENNIS.

Behaved! — Arrah, now, get away with your blarney (Refusing his hand).

JOB.

Well, let it alone. I'm an old fool, perhaps; but as you comforted my poor girl, in her trouble, I thought a squeeze from her father's hand — as much as to say, « thank you, for my child » — might not have come amiss to you.

DENNIS.

And is it yourself who are that creature's father?

JOB.

Her mother said so, and I always believed her. You have heard some'at of what has happen'd, I suppose. It's all over our town, I take it, by this time. Scandal is an ugly, trumpeting devil. Let'em talk: a man loses little by parting with a herd of neighbours, who are busiest in publishing his family misfortunes;



for they are just the sort of cattle who would never stir over the threshold to prevent 'em.

DENNIS.

Troth, and that's true: and some will only sarve you, becase you're convenient to 'em, for the time present; just as my customers come to the Red Cow.

JOB.

I'll come to the Red Cow, hail, rain, or shine, to help the house, as long as you are landlord. Though I must say that your wife —

DENNIS. (Putting his hand before JOB's mouth.)

Decency! Remember your own honour, and my feelings. I mustn't hear any thing bad, you know, of Mrs. Brulgruddery; and you'll say nothing good of her, without telling damn'd lies; so be asy.

JOB.

Well, I've done: but we mustn't be speaking ill of all the world, neither: there are always some sound hearts to be found, among the hollow ones. Now he that is just gone over the heath —

DENNIS.

What, the walking philosopher?



JOB.

: don't know any thing of his philosophy; :, if I live these thousand years, I shall never get his goodness. Then, there's another: I s thinking, just now, if I had tried him, I ght have found a friend in my need, this rning.

DENNIS.

Who is he?

JOB.

A monstrous good young man; and as mo- t and affable, as if he had been bred up a entice, instead of a gentleman.

DENNIS.

And what's his name?

JOB.

Oh, every body knows him, in this neigh- urhood: he lives hard by — Mr Francis chdale, the young 'squire, at the Manor- use.

DENNIS.

Mr Francis Rochdale!

JOB.

Yes: he's as condescending! and took quite riendship for me, and mine. He told me,

[redacted]

ther day, he'd recommend me in trade, to the great families twenty miles round: and d he'd do, I don't know what all, for my ıry.

DENNIS.

He did! — Well, faith, you mayn't know at; but, by my soul, he has kept his word!

JOB.

Kept his word! — What do you mean?

DENNIS.

Hark ye — If scandal is blowing about ur little fire-side accident, 'twas Mr Francis chdale recommended him to your shop, to · his brass trumpet.

JOB.

h! What? no! — yes — I see it at once! ung Rochdale's a rascal! — (Bawling.) — !

DENNIS.

h — you'll wake her, you know.

JOB.

nd it. I'll—a glossy, oily, smooth rascal! ing me in his favour, like an unwhole- bruary sun shining upon my poor and drawing forth my child — my

tender blossom — to suffer blight, and [illegible] — Mary! — I'll go directly to the [illegible] house — his father's in the commission — I mayn't find justice, but I shall find a ju[illegible] of peace.

DENNIS.

Fie, now! and can't you listen to reaso[n]

JOB.

Reason! — tell me a reason why a fathe[r] shouldn't be almost mad, when his patron ha[s] ruin'd his child. Damn his protection — tel[l] me a reason why a man of birth's seducing my daughter doesn't almost double the rascality? Yes, double it: for my fine gentleman, at the very time he is laying his plans to make her infamous, would think himself disgraced in making her the honest reparations she might find from one of her equals.

DENNIS.

Arrah, be asy, now, Mr Thornberry.

JOB.

And, this spark, forsooth, is now canvassing the county! — but, if I don't give him his own at the hustings! — How dare a man set himself up for a guardian of his neighbour's

rights, who has robb'd his ne dearest comforts? How dare a into freeholders' houses and have t to say, send me up to London a sentative? (Calling.) Mary!

DENNIS.

That's all very true. But if th under petticoat government, he ha good chance of his election.

Enter MARY.

MARY.

Did you call, my dear father?

JOB. (Passionately.)

Yes, I did call.

DENNIS.

Don't you frighten that poor youn

MARY.

Oh, dear! what has happen'd? angry; very angry. I hope it isn't w if it is, I have no reason to complai

JOB. (Soften'd, and folding her in h

My poor, dear child! I forgive times more, now, than I did before

MARY.

Do you, my dear father?

JOB.

Yes; for there's twenty times more excuse for you, when rank and education have help'd a scoundrel to dazzle you. (Taking her hand.) Come!

MARY.

Come! where?

JOB. (Impatiently.)

To the manor-house with me, directly.

MARY.

To the manor-house! Oh, my dear father, think of what you are doing! think of me!

JOB.

Of you! — I think of nothing else. I'll see you righted. Don't be terrified, child — damn it, you know I doat on you: but we are all equals in the eye of the law; and rot me, if I won't make a baronet's son shake in his shoes, for betraying a brazier's daughter.

(Exeunt JOB and MARY.)

DENNIS.

There'll be a big botheration at the manor-



house! My customers are all goı to entertain: — nobody's left bu who don't entertain me: — sir S gives good Madeira: — so, I'm rest; and the Red Cow and motl dery may take care of one anoth

(Exit.)

SCENE II.

Enter FRANK ROCHDAI

FRANK.

Shuffleton's intelligence astoni soon to throw herself into the arn — and what could effect, even il severance had favour'd him, su success with her!

Enter Sir SIMON ROCHDA

SIR SIMON.

Why, Frank, I thought you with lady Caroline.

SIR SIMON.

Ha! I wish you would learn some of the gallantries of the present day from your friend, Tom Shuffleton: — but, from being careless of coming up to the fashion, damn it, you go beyond it; for you neglect a woman three days before marriage, as much as half the Tom Shuffletons three months after it.

FRANK.

As by entering into this marriage, sir, I shall perform the duties of a son, I hope you will do me the justice to suppose I shall not be basely negligent as a husband.

SIR SIMON.

Frank, you're a fool; and —

[redacted]

SIR SIMON.

An I have very urgent business, just now, ith y steward. Who is the person? How did e me?

SERVANT.

n foot, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

h, let him wait.

(Exit SERVANT.)

At all events, I can't see this person for se two hours. I wish you wou'd see him r me.

FRANK.

Certainly, sir. (Aside and going.) Any thing refuge to me, now, from the subject of ma-nony.

SIR SIMON.

ut a word before you go. Damn it, my lad, why can't you perceive I am labour-his marriage for your good? We shall en- the Rochdales: — for, tho' my father — grandfather — did some service in elec- (*that* made him a baronet), amass'd rty, and bought lands, and so on,

eat grandfa...
g), your great grandfathe...

FRANK. (Smiling.)

ot respect his memory less, sir, for
is occupation.

SIR SIMON.

e world will, you blockhead: and for
e, and for the sake of our posterity, I
cross the cart breed, as much as possi-
blood.

FRANK.

hat of consequence, sir?

SIR SIMON.

n't it the common policy? and the necessi-
of your boasters of pedigree produce a
usand intermarriages with people of no pe-
gree at all; — till, at last, we so jumble a
nealogy, that, if the devil himself would
luck knowledge from the family tree, he
could hardly find out the original fruit.

(Exeunt severally.)

« Fr...
« O...

I wish

Nonsens...
'twas writt...

Perhaps so...

Hear me,

Psha! —



ACT IV, SCENE II.

Enter TOM SHUFFLETON from the Park, LADY CAROLINE BRAYMORE.

SHUFFLETON.

« The time is come for Iphigene to fin
« The miracle she wrought upon my m

LADY CAROLINE.

Don't talk to me.

SHUFFLETON.

« For, now, by love, by force she shall b
« Or death, if force shou'd fail, shall
design. »

LADY CAROLINE.

I wish you wou'd finish your nonse

SHUFFLETON.

Nonsense! 'tis poetry; somebody
'twas written by Dryden.

LADY CAROLINE.

Perhaps so; — but all poetry is non

SHUFFLETON.

Hear me, then, in prose.

LADY CAROLINE.

Psha! — that's worse.

SHUFFLETON.

ıen I must express my meaning in p
ɜ. Shall I ogle you?

LADY CAROLINE.

ɔu are a teazing wretch: I have subj
ılf, I find, to very ill-treatment, in
r family: and begin to perceive I am a
: woman.

SHUFFLETON. (Aside.)

ʻetty well for that matter.

LADY CAROLINE.

ɔ find myself absolutely avoided by the
leman I meant to honour with my hand,—
ɔintedly neglected! —

SHUFFLETON.

must confess it looks a little like a com-
ɩ cut.

LADY CAROLINE.

nd what you told me of the low attachment
—

SHUFFLETON.

ay, my dear lady Caroline, don't say that
d you more than —

LADY CAROLINE.

won't have it denied: — and I'm sure 'tis



all true. See here — here's an odious parchment lord FitzBalaam put into my hand in the park. A marriage licence, I think he calls it — but if I don't scatter it in a thousand pieces —

SHUFFLETON. (Preventing her.)

Softly, my dear lady Caroline; that's a licence of marriage, you know. The names are inserted of course. Some of them may be rubb'd a little in the carriage: but they may be fill'd up at pleasure, you know. Frank's my friend, and if he has been negligent, I say nothing; but the parson of the parish is as blind as a beetle.

LADY CAROLINE.

Now, don't you think, Mr Shuffleton, I am a very ill-used person?

SHUFFLETON.

I feel inwardly for you, lady Caroline; but my friend makes the subject delicate. Let us change it. Did you observe the steeple upon the hill, at the end of the park pales?

LADY CAROLINE.

Psha! — No.

SHUFFLETON.

It belongs to one of the prettiest little village

churches you ever saw in your life. Let me shew you the inside of the church, lady Caroline.

LADY CAROLINE.

I am almost afraid: for, if I should make a rash vow there, what is to become of my lord FitzBalaam?

SHUFFLETON.

Oh, that's true; I had forgot his lordship: but, as the exigencies of the times demand it, let us hurry the question through the Commons, and when it has past, with such strong independent interest on our sides, it will hardly be thrown out by the Peerage.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE III.

Another apartment in Sir SIMON ROCHDALE'S *house.*

Enter PEREGRINE.

PEREGRINE.

Sir Simon does not hurry himself; but 'tis a custom with the great, to make the little,

and the unknown,
I left Cornwall, as a
member, was tenant
Rochdales inhabited
seven miles off. — I
changes in the family
to see more.

Enter FRA

F

You expected, I
dale, sir; but he w
ticular business, for
your commands, sir?

PER

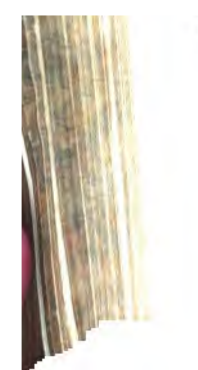
Are you sir Simo

F

I am.

PEI

It was my wish,
ther. I come *unintro*
accoutred; but, as
communicate, and
upon your coast,



ent mansion, where I ...
in the extreme.

FRANK.

I do not understand you.

PEREGRINE.

Mary!

FRANK.

Ha! — Now you *have* made me
you. I perceive, now, on what
have presented yourself here, to har
a subject on which my own rem
have taught me to bend to a just
gation; but the reproof retorts or



r, when he is known to be a hypocrite. My iend, sir, has taught me to know you.

PEREGRINE.

He, whom I encounter'd at the house on e heath?

FRANK.

The same.

PEREGRINE.

And what may he have taught you?

FRANK.

To discover, that your aim is to torture e, for relinquishing a beloved object, whom ou are, at this moment, attaching to yourlf: to know, that a diabolical disposition, r which I cannot account, prompts you to me here, without the probability of beneing any party, to injure me, and throw a hole family into confusion, on the eve of marriage. But, in tearing myself from the oor, wrong'd Mary, I almost tear my very art by its fibres from the seat; but 'tis a crifice to a father's repose; and —

PEREGRINE.

Hold, sir! When you betray'd the poor, rong'd Mary, how came you to forget, that

every father's repose may be broken for ever by his child's conduct?

FRANK.

By my honour! by my soul! it was my intention to have placed her far, far above the reach of want; but you, my hollow monitor, are fustrating that intention. You, who come here to preach virtue, are tempting *her* to be a confirm'd votary of vice, whom I, in penitence, would rescue, as the victim of unguarded sensibility.

PEREGRINE.

Are you, then, jealous of me

FRANK.

Jealous!

PEREGRINE.

Aye: if so, I can give you ease. Return with me, to the injured innocent on the heath: marry her, and I will give her away.

FRANK.

Marry her! I am bound in honour to another.

PEREGRINE.

Modern honour is a coercive argument; but when you have seduced virtue, whose in-

juries you will not solidly repair, you must be slightly bound in old-fashioned honesty.

FRANK.

I — I know not what to say to you. Your manner almost awes me; and there is a mystery in —

PEREGRINE.

I *am* mysterious, sir. I may have other business, perhaps, with your father; — and, I will tell you, the very fate of your family may hang on my conference with him. Come, come, Mr Rochdale, bring me to sir Simon.

FRANK.

My father cannot be seen yet. Will you, for a short time, remain in my apartment?

PEREGRINE.

Willingly; and, depend on this, sir — I have seen enough of the world's weakness, to forgive the casual faults of youthful indiscretion; but I have a detestation for systematick vice; and tho', as a general censor, my lash may be feeble, circumstances have put a scourge in my hand, which may fall heavily on this family, should any of its branches force me to wield it. — I attend you.

(Exeunt.)

A Hall in the Manor-house.

(Voices wrangling without.)

« I will see sir Simon. »

« You can't see sir Simon, » etc., etc., etc.

Enter JOB THORNBERRY, MARY and a SERVANT.

JOB.

Don't tell me; — I come upon justice-business.

SERVANT.

Sir Simon be a gentleman justice.

JOB.

If the justice allows all his servants to be as saucy as you, I can't say much for the gentleman.

SERVANT.

But these ben't his hours.

[redacted]

JOB.

Hours for justice! I thought one of the blessings of an Englishman was to find justice at any time.

MARY.

Pray, don't be so —

JOB.

Hold your tongue, child. What *are* his hours.

SERVANT.

Why, from twelve to two.

JOB.

Two hours out of four-and-twenty! I hope all that belong to law are a little quicker than his worship; if not, when a case wants immediate remedy, it's just eleven to one against us. Don't you know me?

SERVANT.

Na.

JOB.

I'm sure I have seen you in Penzance.

SERVANT.

My wife has got a chandler's shop there.

JOB.

Haven't you heard we've a fire-engine in the church?

SERVANT.

What o' that?

JOB.

Suppose your wife's shop was in flames, and all her bacon and farthing candles frying?

SERVANT.

And what then?

JOB.

Why, then, while the house was burning, you'd run to the church for the engine. — Shou'dn't you think it plaguy hard if the sexton said, « call for it to-morrow, between twelve and two? »

SERVANT.

That be neither here nor there.

JOB.

Isn't it! (Menacing.) Then, do you see this stick!

SERVANT.

Pshaw! you be a foolish old fellow.

JOB.

Why, that's true. Every now and then a jack-in-office, like you, provokes a man to forget his years. The cudgel is a stout one, and some'at like your master's justice: 'tis a



good weapon in weak hands; and that's the way many a rogue escapes a dressing. What! you are laughing at it?

SERVANT.

Ees.

JOB.

Ees! you Cornish baboon, in a laced livery! Here's something to make you grin more — here's half a crown,

(Holding it up between his finger and thumb.)

SERVANT.

Hee! hee!

JOB.

Hee! hee! — Damn your Land's-end chops! 'tis to get me to your master; — but, before you have it, though he keeps a gentleman justice-shop, I shall make free to ring it on his counter. (Throws it on the floor.) There! pick it up. (SERVANT picks up the money.) I am afraid you are not the first underling that has stoop'd to pocket a bribe, before he'd do his duty. Now, tell the gentleman-justice, I want to see him.

MARY.

Indeed, you don't know how you terrify me. But, if you go to sir Simon, you'll leave me here, in the hall: you won't make me go with you, father?

JOB.

Not take you with me? I'll go with my wrongs in my hand, and make him blush for his son.

MARY.

I hope you'll think better of it.

JOB.

Why?

MARY.

Because, when you came to talk, I should sink with shame, if he said any thing to you, that might —that —

JOB.

Might what?

MARY. (Sighing, and hanging down her head.)

Make you blush for your daughter.

JOB.

I won't have you waiting, like a petitioner, in this hall, when you come to be righted. No, no!

MARY.

You wouldn't have refused me any thing once; but I know I have lost your esteem, now.

JOB.

Lost! forgive is forgive, all the world over. You know, Mary, I have forgiven you; and, making it up by halves, is making myself a brass tea-kettle — warm one minute, cold the next; smooth without, and hollow within.

MARY.

Then, pray, don't deny me! I'm sure you won'dn't, if you knew half I am suffering.

JOB.

Do as you like, Mary; only, never tell me again you have lost my esteem. It looks like suspicion o' both sides. — Never say that, and I can deny you nothing in reason; or, perhaps, a little beyond it.

Re-enter SERVANT.

Well! will the justice do a man the favour to do his duty? Will he see me?

SERVANT.

Come into the room next his library. A stranger, who's with young master, ha' been waiting for un, longer nor you; but I'll get you in first.

JOB.

I don't know that that's quite fair to the other.

SERVANT.



scrupulous enough to do your work : which, I hope, somebody may duck one hand, and rub you dry with th Kindness and honesty, for kindness nesty's sake, is the true coin; but man like you, is content to be a passable B ham halfpenny.

(Exeunt Job Thornberry and Servant.)

MARY.

I wish'd to come to this house in the ing, and now I would give the world to of it. Hark! here's somebody! Oh, mer me, 'tis he himself! What will become c

(Retires towards the back of the scene.)

Enter FRANK ROCHDALE.

FRANK.

My father, then, shall see this vi atever be the event. I will prepare h interview, and — (Sees Mary.) Goo ! why -- why are you here ?

don't, indeed!

FRANK.

What motive, Mary, has brought you to this house? and who is the stranger under whose protection you have placed yourself, at the house on the heath? Surely you cannot love him!

MARY.

I hope I do.

FRANK.

You hope you do!

MARY.

Yes; — for I think he saved my life this morning, when I was struggling with the robber, who threaten'd to kill me.

FRANK.



FRANK.

Mary — I — I — 'twas I, then, it seems, who brought your life into such hazard.

MARY.

I hope I haven't said any thing to make you unhappy.

FRANK.

Nothing, my dearest Mary, nothing. I know it is not in your nature, even to whisper a reproof. Yet, I sent a friend, with full power from me, to give you the amplest protection.

MARY.

I know you did: and he gave me a letter that I might be protected, when I got to London.

FRANK.

Why then, commit yourself to the care of a strangec ?

MARY.

Because the stranger read the direction of the letter — here it is (Taking it fom her pocket.), and said your friend was treacherous.

FRANK. (Looking at the letter.)

Villain!

MARY.

Did he intend to lead me into a snare then?

FRANK.

Let me keep this letter. I may have been deceived in the person I sent to you, but — (*Aside.*) Damn his rascality! — but, could you think me base enough to leave you, unshelter'd? I had torn you from your home, — with anguish I confess it — but I would have provided you another home, which want should not have assailed. Would this stranger bring you better comfort?

MARY.

Oh, yes; he has; — he has brought me my father.

FRANK.

Your father! — from whom I made you fly!

MARY.

Yes; — he has brought a father to his child, that she might kiss off the tears her disobedience had forced down his aged cheeks, and restored me to the only home which could give me any comfort, now. — And my father is here.



FRANK.

Here!

MARY.

Indeed, I cou'dn't help his coming; and he made me come with him.

FRANK.

I — I am almost glad, Mary, that it has happen'd.

MARY.

Are you?

FRANK.

Yes — when a weight of concealment is on the mind, remorse is relieved by the very discovery which it has dreaded. But you must not be waiting here, Mary. There is one in the house, to whose care I will entrust you.

MARY.

I hope it isn't the person you sent to me to-day.

FRANK.

He! I would sooner cradle infancy with serpents. — Yet this is my friend! I will, now, confide in a stranger: — the stranger, Mary, who saved your life.



MARY.

Is he here?

FRANK.

He is: — Oh, Mary, how painful, if performing the duty of a son, I must abandon at last, the expiation of a penitent! but so dependent on each other are the delicate combinations of probity, that one broken link perplexes the whole chain, and an abstracted virtue becomes a relative iniquity.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE II.

The Library.

Sir SIMON ROCHDALE, and his STEWARD who, appears to be quitting the room. JOB THORNBERRY standing at a little distance from them.

SIR SIMON.

Remember the money must be ready to-morrow, Mr Pennyman.

STEWARD. (Going.)

It shall, sir Simon.



SIR SIMON. (To JOB.)

So, my friend, your business, you say, is — and , Mr Pennyman (STEWARD turns back.) give Robin Ruddy notice to quit his cottage, directly.

STEWARD.

I am afraid, sir Simon, if he's turn'd out, it will be his ruin.

SIR SIMON.

He should have recollected that before he ruin'd his neighbour's daughter.

JOB. (Starting.)

Eh!

SIR SIMON.

What's the matter with the man! His offence is attended with great aggravation. — Why doesn't he marry her?

JOB. (Emphatically.)

Aye!

SIR SIMON.

Pray, friend, be quiet.

STEWARD.

He says it wou'd make her more unfortunate still; he's too necessitous to provide even for the living consequence of his indiscretion.

SIR SIMON.

That doubles his crime to the girl. — *He* must quit. I'm a magistrate, you know, Mr Pennyman, and 'tis my duty to discourage all such immorality.

STEWARD.

Your orders must be obey'd, sir Simon.

(Exit STEWARD.)

SIR SIMON.

Now, yours is justice-business, you say. You come at an irregular time, and I have somebody else waiting for me; so be quick. What brings you here?

JOB.

My daughter's seduction, sir Simon; — and it has done my heart good to hear your worship say 'tis your duty to discourage all such immorality.

SIR SIMON.

To be sure it is; — but men, like you, shou'dn't be too apt to lay hold of every sentiment justice drops, lest you misapply it. 'Tis like an officious footman snatching up his mis-



tress's periwig, and clapping it on again, hind part before. What are you?

JOB.

A tradesman, sir Simon. I have been a freeholder, in this district, for many a year.

SIR SIMON.

A freeholder! (Aside.) Zounds! one of Frank's voters, perhaps, and of consequence at his election. Won't you, my good friend, take a chair?

JOB.

Thank you, sir Simon, I know my proper place. I didn't come here to sit down with sir Simon Rochdale, because I am a freeholder; I came to demand my right, because you are a justice.

SIR SIMON.

A man of respectability, a tradesman, and a freeholder, in such a serious case as yours, had better have recourse to a court of law.

JOB.

I am not rich, now, sir Simon, whatever I may have been.

SIR SIMON.

A magistrate, honest friend, can't give you damages: — you must fee counsel.

without

SIR

Whatever advice I can give you, y
have it for nothing: but I can't jump over justice's hedges and ditches. Courts of law are broad high roads, made for national convenience; if your way lye through them, 'tis but fair you should pay the turnpikes. Who is the offender?

JOB.

He lives on your estate, sir Simon.

SIR SIMON.

Oho! a tenant! — Then I may carry yo through your journey by a short cut. Let marry your daughter, my honest friend.

JOB.

He won't.

SIR SIMON.

Why not?

[redacted]

A

He's going t

Then he tr
grace my esta
Injure a repu
— a freehold
say he was pc

No, sir Si
don't stand i

Rich! eh!
man?

I have an
Simon.

JOB.

I reckon many of my neighbours men, though I can't call them gentlemen; but I reckon no man a gentleman, *that* I can call honest.

SIR SIMON.

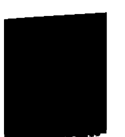
Hark ye, neighbour; — if he's a gentleman (and I have several giddy young tenants with more money than thought) let him give you a good round sum, and there's an end.

JOB.

A good round sum! (Aside.) Damn me, I shall choak! A ruffian, with a crape, puts a pistol to my breast, and robs me of forty shillings; — a scoundrel, with a smiling face, creeps to my fire-side, and robs my daughter of her innocence. The judge can't allow restitution to spare the highwayman; — then, pray, sir Simon, — I wish to speak humbly — pray don't insult the father by calling money a reparation from the seducer.

SIR SIMON.

This fellow must be dealt with quietly, I see. *Justice* my honest friend, is — is justice. — As *a magistrate* I make no distinction of persons.



I

Seduction is a
is in my pow

The offend

Well, wel
nisance of hi
— but you n

(Goes t

Come, give
and I'll see y
what name n

Did you, sir Simon? you never sent to me about it; so, I suppose, the news reach'd you at one of the hours you don't set apart for justice.

SIR SIMON.

This is a — a very awkward business, Mr Thornberry. Something like a hump back; — we can never set it quite straight, so we must bolster it.

JOB.

How do you mean, sir Simon?

SIR SIMON.

Why — 'tis a — a disagreeable affair, and — we — must hush it up.



JOB.

Hush it up! a justice cc ther, to wink at his child's I hush it up so, sir Simon it up here? (Striking his br will your son marry my dau

SIR SIMO

What! my son marry brazier!

JOB.

He has ruin'd the daught the best lord in the land d crime, you can't call his atc descension.

SIR SIMO

Honest friend — I don't tities you may sell brass when you come abroad, a marry his son to your dau you aren't a wholesale deale

JOB.

And I can't tell, sir Sin please to retail justice; bu comes to deal largely wit you don't shut up the shop

fore…
lose my respec…
he's so much below my eq…
and, since the magistrate has left the…

(Slams the chair into the middle of the room.)

I'll sit down on it (Sits down;) there. — 'Tis fit it should be fill'd by somebody — a[redacted]n'me if I leave the house till you redress my daughter, or I shame you all over the county.

SIR SIMON.

Why, you impudent mechanick! I shou' wonder if the scoundrel call'd for my and sign'd my mittimus. (Rings the bell.) get out of that chair.

JOB.

I sha'n't stir. If you want to sit

her. This is the chair of justice: it's the
.t uneasy for you of any in the room.

Enter SERVANT.

SIR SIMON.

Tell Mr Rochdale to come to me directly.

SERVANT.

Yes, sir Simon. (Sees Job.) Hee! hee!

SIR SIMON.

Don't stand grinning, you booby! but go.

SERVANT.

Yes, sir Simon. Hee! hee!

(Exit.)

JOB. (Reaching a book from the table.)
Burn's Justice!

SIR SIMON.

And how dare you take it up?

JOB.

Because you have laid it down. Read it a little better, and, then, I may respect you more. There it is.

(Throws it on the floor.)

SIR SIMON.

The matter! (Points to JOB.) Lug that old bundle of brass out of my chair, directly.

(FRANK casts his eyes on THORNBERRY, then on the ground, and stands abash'd.)

JOB.

He dare as soon jump into one of your tin-mines. Brass! — there is no baser metal than hypocrisy: he came with that false coin to my shop, and it pass'd; but see how conscie nails him to the spot, now.

FRANK. (To sir SIMON.)

Sir, I came to explain all.

SIR SIMON.

Sir, you must be aware that al *already*. You provoke a braz

knock me down; and bring me news of it, when he is fix'd as tight in my study, as a copper in my kitchen.

FRANK. (Advancing to JOB.)

Mr Thornberry, I —

JOB.

Keep your distance! I'm an old fellow; but if my daughter's seducer comes near me, I'll beat him as flat as a stew-pan.

FRANK. (Still advancing.)

Suffer me to speak, and —

JOB. (Rising from the chair, and holding up his cane.)

Come an inch nearer, and I'ill be as good as my word.

PEREGRINE. (Advancing.)

Hold!

JOB.

Eh? you here! then I have some chance, perhaps, of getting righted, at last.

PEREGRINE.

Do not permit passion to weaken that chance.

JOB.

Oh, plague! you don't know; — I wasn't violent till —

PEREGRINE.

Nay, nay; cease to grasp that cane. — While we are so conspicuously bless'd with laws to chastise a culprit, the mace of justice is the only proper weapon for the injured. Let me talk with you.

(Takes Thornberry aside.)

SIR SIMON. (To Frank Rochdale.)

Well, sir; who may this last person be, whom you have thought proper should visit me?

FRANK.

A stranger in this country, sir, and —

SIR SIMON.

And a friend, I perceive, of that old ruffian.

FRANK.

I have reason to think, sir, he *is* a friend to Mr Thornberry.

SIR SIMON.

Sir, I am very much obliged to you. You send a brazier to challenge me, and now, I suppose, you have brought a travelling tinker, for his second. Where does he come from?



FRANK.

India, sir. He leap'd from the vessel that was foundering on the rocks, this morning, and swam to shore.

SIR SIMON.

Did he? I wish he had taken the jump, with the brazier tied to his neck.

(Peregrine and Job come forward.)

PEREGRINE. (Apart to Job.)

I can discuss it better in your absence. Be near with Mary: should the issue be favourable, I will call you.

JOB. (Apart to Peregrine.)

Well, well! I will. You have a better head at it than I. — Justice! Oh, if I was Lord Chancellor, I'd knock all the family down with the mace, in a minute.

(Exit.)

PEREGRINE.

Suffer me to say a few words, sir Simon Rochdale, in behalf of that unhappy man.

(Pointing to where Job has gone out.)

ngly, ... You can't tou...

Poh! poh! You can't tou... about the other.
out being impertinent about the other.

PEREGRINE.

Have the candour to suppose, sir Simon, that I mean no disrespect to your house. Although I may stickle, lustily, with you, in the cause of an aggrieved man, believe me, early habits have taught me to be anxious for the prosperity of the Rochdales.

SIR SIMON.

Early habits!

PEREGRINE.

I happen'd to be born on your estate Simon; and have obligations to some your family.

ACT V, SCENE II.

SIR SIMON.

Then, upon my soul, you have pretty way to repay them.

PEREGRINE.

I know no better way of repaying than by consulting your family honour. boyhood, it seem'd as if nature had d me a kind of infant subject on your f Cornish territory; and the whole pedig your house is familiar to me.

SIR SIMON.

Is it? (*Aside.*) Confound him, he has h of the Miller. — Sir, you may talk this tolera well; but 'tis my hope — my opinion, I me you can't tell who was my grandfather.

PEREGRINE.

Whisper the secret to yourself, sir Simon and let reason, also, whisper to you, that when honest industry raises a family to opu lence and honours, its very original lowness sheds lustre on its elevation; — but all its lory fades, when it has given a wound, and enies a balsam, to a man, as humble, and as nest, as your own ancestor.

TON , and Lady CAROLINE
RAYMORE.

UFFLETON.

ood folks ? How d'ye do ?

IR SIMON.

ne ! — Tom , I have had a lit-

Lad

I lost

ing , sir

thing



tle business. — The last dinner-bell l
lady Caroline, but I'll attend you dir

SHUFFLETON.

Baronet, I'm afraid we sha'n't be ab
with you to-day.

SIR SIMON.

Not dine with me!

LADY CAROLINE.

No; — we are just married!

SIR SIMON.

Hell and the devil! married!

SHUFFLETON.

Yes; we are married, and can't co

PEREGRINE. (Aside.)

Then 'tis time to speak to old Thorn

(Exit.)

SIR SIMON.

Lady Caroline!

LADY CAROLINE.

I lost my appetite in your family t
ing, sir Simon; and have no relish
thing you can have the goodness to

in the new school.

SIR SIMON.

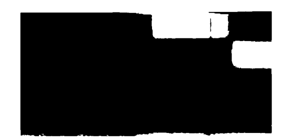
Oh, damn the new school! — who
plain all this mystery?

FRANK.

Mr Shuffleton *shall* explain it, sir; ar
mysteries too.

SHUFFLETON.

My dear Frank, I have something tc
you. But here comes my papa; — I'
talking to him, sir Simon, and he'll
you. He does very well to explain, for
nefit of a country gentleman.



ACT V, SCENE II.

SIR SIMON.

But, my lord —

(They go up the stage.)

(Lady Caroline throws herself carelessly i
Shuffleton advances to Frank.

SHUFFLETON.

My dear Frank, I — I have had a deal of trouble in getting this busines hands. But, you see, I have done m you.

FRANK.

For yourself, you mean.

SHUFFLETON.

Come, damn it, my good fellow, ungrateful to a friend.

FRANK.

Take back this letter of recomm you wrote for Mary, as a friend. W assume that name with me, Mr Shuffl myself I laugh; for you I blush; but f friendship's profanation, I grieve.

(Turns from him.)

vours! Cheer up, Mary!

SIR SIMON. (To PEREGRINE.)

I was in hopes I had got rid of you. You are an orator from the sea-shore; but you must put more pebbles in your mouth before you harangue me into a tea-kettle connection.

SHUFFLETON.

That's my friend at the Red Cow. He is the new-old *cher ami* to honest tea-kettle's daughter.

FRANK.

Your insinuation is false, sir.

PEREGRINE.

Sir Simon Rochdale, if my oratory fail, and which, indeed, is weak, may interest prevail with you?

SIR SIMON.

No; rather than consent, I'd give up every acre of my estate.

PEREGRINE.

Your conduct proves you unworthy of your estate; and, unluckily for you, you have roused the indignation of an elder brother, who now stands before you, and claims it.

SIR SIMON.

Eh! — Zounds! — Peregrine!

for you to dispute it. My agent in London has long had documents on the secret he has *kept*; and several old inhabitants here, I know, are prepared to identify me.

SIR SIMON.

I had a run-away brother — a boy that every body thought dead. How came he not to claim till now?

PEREGRINE.

Because, knowing he had given deep cause of offence, he never would have asserted his abandon'd right, had he not found a brother neglecting, what no Englishman should neglect — justice and humanity to his inferiors.

Enter DENNIS BRULGRUDDERY.

DENNIS.

Hould your tongue, you little man! There's a great post just come to your manor-house, and the Indiaman's work'd into port.

JOB. (To PEREGRINE.)

What, the vessel with all your property?

DENNIS.

By all that's amazing, they say you have a hundred thousand pounds in that ship!

PEREGRINE.

My losses might have been somewhat more without this recovery. I have enter'd into a kind of partnership with you, my friend, this morning. How can we dissolve it?

JOB.

You are an honest man; so am I. So, settle that account as you like.

PEREGRINE.

Come forth, then, injured simplicity; — of your own cause you shall be now the arbitress.

MARY.

Do not make me speak, sir. I am so humbled — so abash'd —

sir? Oh, then, let the liberume —
ration, and claim a wife.

ning to MARY, and embracing her.)

DENNIS.

e! Och! what a big dinner we'll
Red Cow.

PEREGRINE. (To sir SIMON.)

n I to say, sir,

SIR SIMON.

u are to say what you please.

PEREGRINE.

bless you both! And, tho' I have

o much of my life abroad, brother, equity is dear to my heart. Respect ts of honest John Bull, and our family may be easily arranged.

JOB.

upright. I forgive you young man, has past; but no one deserves forgiveho refuses to make amends, when he urb'd the happiness of an Englishman's

END OF THE COMEDY.

EPILOGUE.

SINCE Epilogue-speaking to me is quite new,
Pray allow me the help of a fiddle or two;
I'am as strange to this job as the Man in the Moon,
But, I think, if I sing, I shall speak to some tune.
Fal de ral.

Now, touching this Comedy, criticks may say,
'Tis a trumpery, Bartlemy-fair kind of play;
It smells, faith, of Smithfield, we all must allow,
For it's all about Bull, and the scene's the Red Cow.
Fal de ral.

Yet, not without moral the author indites,
For he points to the blessings of Englishmen's rights;
Let a duke wrong a brazier, — the barristers all,
Know that brass can do wonders in Westminster-hall.
Fal de ral.

But, was ever a tale so impro...
As Peregrine swimming with large lumps ...
Should a man who sinks cash, with his cash try
to swim,
For a pound to a shilling his cash would sink him.
Fal de ral.

Let us find some excuse for this strange oversight,
Let's suppose that his guineas were most of 'em
light;
Nay, the guineas for grappling the shore he
might thank,
'Tis amazing of late, how they stick in the Bank.
Fal de ral.

One circumstance keeps probability's law,
A beautiful female commits a *faux-pas;*
... critics who don't praise



EPILOGUE.

)f the worst Bond-street litter — such
none admire,
;huck 'em all in the Thames, they won'
on fire.
Fal de

Mr Dennis Brulgruddery lives with his dear;
They're in stile, and agree just like thunder
beer;
An Irishman's blunders are pretty well hac
But how charmingly, sure, Mr Johnstone did a
Fal de ral

ow I've touch'd on the principal parts of
play: —
all it run a few nights, or to night run awa
ur votes, friends and criticks, we, now, r
upon;
ayes have it, I think — though it mayn't
nem. con.
Fal de ral

, success to John Bull! — let this toast
his pride,

frown,
May John ne'er want a poker to knoc
down.

Fal

[redacted]

SYLVESTER

DAGGERWOOD,

OR

NEW HAY AT THE OLD MARKET;

AN OCCASIONAL DRAMA,

ON OPENING THE HAY-MARKET THEATRE, JUNE 9TH 1795.

Fustian,............. a pseudo traged
Daggerwood,......... player a Strollin
Apewell,............ an Actor of all
Servant............. to the manager.
Prompter............ to the Hayt Mark
Carpenter........... to d°.
Mrs. Beezom,......... a stage-sweeper.
Molly Beezom,...... her Daughter.

[redacted]

SYLVESTER

DAGGERWOOD,

OR

NEW HAY AT THE OLD MARKET.

SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Manager's House.

USTIAN and DAGGERWOOD discovered. FUSTIAN sitting in one chair, DAGGERWOOD, asleep, in another.

(The Clock strikes Eleven.)

FUSTIAN.

Eight, nine, ten, eleven!—Zounds! Eleven 'clock; and here have I been waiting ever nce nine, for an interview with the manager.

Harkye, young man! Is your mas
yet?

SERVANT.

Sir!

FUSTIAN.

I say, can I see your master?

SERVANT.

He has two gentlemen with him at
sir!

FUSTIAN.

Aye — the old answer. Who is tl
here, in the corner?

SERVANT.

Oh! that, sir, is a gentleman who
come out.

FUSTIAN.

O, ho! A country candidate for a London truncheon. A sucking Prince of Denmark— Damme, he snores like a tinker. Fatigued with his journey, I suppose.

SERVANT.

No, sir—he has taken a nap in this room these five mornings—but hasn't been able to obtain an audience, here, yet.

FUSTIAN.

No, nor at Dunstable neither, I take it.

SERVANT.

I am so loth to disturb him, poor gentleman, that I never wake him till a full half hour after my master is gone out.

FUSTIAN.

Upon my soul that's very obliging! I must keep watch here, I find, like a lynx. Well, friend, you'll let your master know Mr Fustian is here, when the two gentlemen have left him at leisure.

SERVANT.

The moment, sir, they make their exit.

(Exit SERVANT.)

Hamlet before
country.

DAGGERWOOD.

« To be, or not to be » —

FUSTIAN.

Yes—he's at it. Let me see (Turning over the leaves of his play), I think there is no doubt of it running.

DAGGERWOOD. (Dreaming.)

« That is the question. Who would

FUSTIAN.

Zounds! There's no bearing yo

Grace's patronage will fill half the side boxes, and I'll warrant we'll stuff the criticks into the pit.

DAGGERWOOD. (Dreaming.)

« To groan, and sweat » —
« When he himself might his quietus make » —

FUSTIAN.

Quietus! I wish, with all my heart, I could make your's. The countess of Crambo insists on the best places for the first night of performance. She'll sit in the stage box.

DAGGERWOOD. (Still dreaming.)

« With a bare bodkin. »

FUSTIAN.

O, the devil! There's no enduring this! sir! sir! (Waking him.) Do you intend to sleep any more?

DAGGERWOOD. (Waking.)

Eh! What? — When?
« Methought I heard a voice cry sleep no more. »

FUSTIAN.

Faith, sir, you heard something very like it; and that voice was mine.

DAGGERWOOD.

Sir, I'm your most respectful servant to

make an excellent Macbeth, sir.

FUSTIAN.

Sir!

DAGGERWOOD.

« Macbeth doth murder sleep; th
sleep;
« Balm of hurt minds; great natur
course. » —

faith and very often the first course, t
a dinner is unavoidably deferred by y
ble servant to command, Sylvester Dag

FUSTIAN.

I am sorry, sir, you should ever h
sion to postpone so pleasant a perfor



SCENE I.

DAGGERWOOD.

Damn'd bad indeed, sir—the Dunst pany: where I have eight shillings four bits of candle, one wife, three sh nine children.

FUSTIAN.

A very numerous family.

DAGGERWOOD.

A crowded house, to be sure, sir; l profitable. Mrs Daggerwood a fine figur unfortunately stutters; so, of no use theatrical line. Children too young to i *début*, except my eldest, master Apollo D wood; a youth of only eight years old has twice made his appearance in Tom T to an overflowing and brilliant barn — l I mean — with unbounded and univer plause.

FUSTIAN.

Have you been long upon the stage, M gerwood?

DAGGERWOOD.

Fifteen years since I first smelt the lan My father was an eminent button-mak Birmingham; and meant to marry me t

a mercenary marriage. I panted
profession — so ran away from m
engaged with a travelling comp
dians. In my travels, I had soon
of forming a romantic attachm
present Mrs Daggerwood, wife
Daggerwood, your humble ser
mand; whose benefit is fixed foi
of June, by the particular des
persons of distinction. So you se
a taste.

FUSTIAN.

Have you! Then sit down, an
my tragedy. I am determined sc

Now, sir, your title; and then fo
Pers.

FUSTIAN.

The title I think will strike. Th
plays, you know, now, is to do a
judices; and to rescue certain cha
the illiberal odium with which
mark'd them. Thus we have a gene
an amiable cynick, and so on. No
my play—*The Humane Footpad.*

DAGGERWOOD.

What!

FUSTIAN.

There's a title for you! Isn't it l
How do you like my footpad?

DAGGERWOOD.

My damnable faces.

DAGGERWOOD.

Come — « we'll to't like french falconers. »

FUSTIAN (Reading.)

Scene first : a dark wood : night.

DAGGERWOOD.

ery awful beginning.

FUSTIAN (Reading.)

The moon behind a cloud.

DAGGERWOOD.

That's new. An audience never sav *behind* a cloud before. But it will *difficult* to paint.

FUSTIAN.

Don't interrupt. Where was I? — Oh — behind a cloud.

DAGGERWOOD.

« The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces — »

FUSTIAN.

Hey, the devil! what are you at?

DAGGERWOOD.

Beg pardon: but that speech never comes into my head but it runs away with me. Proceed.

FUSTIAN (Reading.)

Enter ——

DAGGERWOOD.

« The solemn temples » —

FUSTIAN.

Nay then, I've done.

DAGGERWOOD.

So have I. I'm dumb.

FUSTIAN (Reading.)

Enter Egbert, musing.

DAGGERWOOD.

O, P?

FUSTIAN.

Pshaw! what does that signify?

DAGGERWOOD.

Not much. « The great globe itself — »

FUSTIAN (Reading.)

Egbert musing. Clouded in night I come.—

DAGGERWOOD (Starting up.)

« The cloud capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
« The solemn temples, » etc. etc. etc.

FUSTIAN (Gets up.)

Damme, he's mad! A bedlamite! raves like Lear, and foams out a folio of Shakespear without drawing breath. I'm almost afraid to stay

DAGGERWOOD.

« O, day and night, but this is wondrous strange! »

FUSTIAN.

What without seeing me, who have been waiting for him these three hours!

DAGGERWOOD.

Three hours! Pugh! — I've slept, here, for five mornings in his old arm chair.

SERVANT.

He ordered me to tell you, gentlemen, he was particularly sorry, but he is obliged to hurry down to the Hay-Market. The theatre opens this evening—and Mr Bannister, jun. and Mr Suett, are to meet him there, on particular business.

FUSTIAN.

They are? and what the devil, friend, have I to do with Mr Bannister, jun.? Damn Mr Bannister, jun.

DAGGERWOOD.

And damn Mr Suett; what the devil have I to do with Mr Suett? Now he has shirked us, I'll lay an even bet he is gone to neither of 'em.

FUSTIAN.

Pretty treatment! pretty treatment truly! to be kept here, half the morning, kicking my heels in a manager's anti-room, shut up with a mad Dunstable actor.

DAGGERWOOD.

Mad! Zounds, sir, I'd have you to know, that « when the wind's southerly, I know a hawk from a hand-saw. »

FUSTIAN.

Tell your master, friend, tell your master— but no matter. — He don't catch me here again that's all. Damme, I'll go home, turn my play into a pageant, put a triumphal procession at the end on't, and bring it out at one of the winter theatres.

(Exit.)

DAGGERWOOD (To the Servant.)

Young man, you know me. I shall come to the old arm chair again, to-morrow, but must go to Dunstable the day after, for a week, to finish my engagement. Wish for an interview,— inclination to tread the London boards, and so n. You remember my name—Mr Sylvester

Daggerwood; whose benefit is fix'd for the eleventh of June, by particular desire of several persons of distinction.

SERVANT.

I shall be sure to tell him, sir.

DAGGERWOOD.

« I find thee apt;
« And duller wouldst thou be than the fat weed
« That rots itself at ease on Lethe's wharf.
« Would'st thou not stir in this. » Open the street door. « Go on! I'll follow thee. »

(Exit after Servant.)

SCENE II.

The inside of the Theatre.

Two WOMEN discovered sweeping the Stage. A pail and mop in the corner.

FIRST WOMAN.

Come bustle, child! Bustle, Molly Beezom, bustle! We sha'n't have the stage ready against our gentlefolks come to rehearsal.

Have you? Well then, now, Mo
have a little leisure—foh! how it ti
to scrub down these dusty boards, a
winter!—As we have a little leisure,
just give you a bit of advice.

SECOND WOMAN.

Do, mother; for I be a fresh co
the country. Yesterday was my first
day, you do know. I cod, it be pure
among these actor-folks!

FIRST WOMAN.

Hold your tongue, hussey! Listen
have swept the boards of a winter, an
house, these eighteen years; and am o



cations; so mind you bemean y
care of these actors, I say. 'Tis a
vation for a young girl. Don't let
you over.

SECOND WOMAN.

Palaver me! Law, mother, what

FIRST WOMAN.

Aye — there it is now, to want e
Why it's just as they served me, w
such a green goose as yourself.

SECOND WOMAN.

Why, sure, there be no harm in '
they be main civil. One on 'em ch
under the chin, as good natured,—ar
I was a pretty little Dusdemony.

FIRST WOMAN.

Hussey, hussey! I must hear n
these doings. You'll be devoured.

SECOND WOMAN.

La, mother! sure and sure, they
ye?

FIRST WOMAN.

Eat you! There's no knowing.
ppen.

SECOND WOMAN.

Ben't there indeed! — Well, if I han't been told, in our village, that your actor men be hungry enough to eat any thing; and that the gentry sometimes throws oranges to 'em, from the two-shilling gallery, out o' compassion.

FIRST WOMAN.

Ha! Ha! Lord help your simple head! Oranges out of the gallery! The thing is possible *here*, to be sure; but in the winter houses— why, child, they would never reach half way to the stage. 'Tis as much as they can do to *see* the actors, there. But no matter for that: take you care of yourself, Molly; you are raw, child, and unexperienced. I be uneasy enough about you, I can tell you that.

SECOND WOMAN.

Don't you be in a fatigue, mother, about I. Ise warrant me, when I ha' been here a while Ise be as knowing as the best of 'em.

FIRST WOMAN.

Go up stairs, hussey, directly, and dust out the dressing-rooms.

SECOND WOMAN.

I doesn't like to go up alone, mother: I be afeard.

SECOND. WOMAN.

Why, at the top of the—the Flys h name on't, I fancy—where all the clouds just at the landing place, there be a huge m A Polly, I do think the carpenters call hi stuff'd out wi' straw: they ha' squatted there to sit bolt upright; and, though h dead, he looks so mortal frightful, I do care to go a near him.

FIRST WOMAN.

Simpleton! it is the stuffed Apollo, Midas. Why you aren't afraid of a straw fig are you?

SECOND WOMAN.

No—not in the country: but this be ugliest scare-crow I ever put my eyes upo

Winter! and now ... them there, you ninny-hammer? They are *too* magnificent for us. They have a stud of *ele*-phants at one house, and a stable full of bulls at the other. We are too humble to vie with our neighbours in giving the public any thing to see.

CARPENTER.

But you know they will expect some novelty, master Waldron.

PROMPTER.

Well, then, we'll give 'em something to *hear*: that's a novelty, now, you know. But come, to business. What do you want?

CARPENTER.

Why, I want a new moon.

SECOND WOMAN.

Prompter! Oh! that be the gentleman as reads in a book; and do blow a little whistle, to call the actor-folks about un.

FIRST WOMAN.

Come, run Molly, run! Take up your pail, and be off.

SECOND WOMAN.

I be coming, mother. (Takes up the pail.) Dear, now! I should like hugely to stay and see a bit o' their May-games. Dear, dear! what pure sport it be to live among these here shew-folks!

(Exeunt women.)

Enter PROMPTER and CARPENTER.

PROMPTER.

It doesn't signify talking, master carpenter: new scenes, and fly-flaps, when there's occasion, to be sure, but no extravagance.

CARPENTER.

Extravagance! Lord help you, Mr Waldron! We only want to keep pace a bit with our neighbours. Look at 'em in the winter.

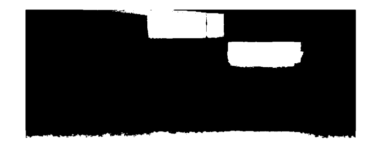
vate worth with public talent, he quits the bustling scene of life with two-fold applause, and we doubly deplore his exit. But come, we have still some favourites among our hundred, who are ambitious to please; and whose continued exertions, we doubt not, will be honoured with the continued patronage of our benefactors. Is there any thing more?

CARPENTER.

Yes: new ropes for all the drop scenes There's great difficulty, at present, in draw up the curtain.

PROMPTER.

That's true enough: for it ough been drawn up a month ago. Well *the difficulty* as soon as you can, *that item* of your bill to the winter



CARPENTER.

Besides this, there's a ——

PROMPTER.

Why, zounds! you'll never have done! don't I tell you we must have no extravagance, nothing needless. What is it?

CARPENTER.

Why, it's a new chair for the prompter.

PROMPTER.

Oh! that alters the case. Well, let it be handsome; do you mind? Stud it with brass-nails, and cover it with the best Morocco — and tell the property-woman to put a good soft velvet cushion in it, dye hear?

CARPENTER.

I've a nice bit of old hard cherry-tree, that would come cheaper, and suit you to a *T*, master Waldron.

PROMPTER.

Cherry-tree! Why, you villain, have you no mercy on my bones? — I'll cherry-tree you, with a plague! —

APEWELL (Speaking as enterin

Pooh, nonsense! If the manager
I'll speak to the prompter. Oh! yo
Mr Waldron. Can I see the manage

(Exit CARPENTER.)

PROMPTER.

He is not yet come to the theatre
if you have any business to commun
haps I may answer the purpose.

APEWELL.

Well, then, we'll do the matter b
My name's Apewell. I want to appe
stage



SCENE II.

APEWELL.

Why, for any body. Tragedy thing. Nay, upon an emergenc supply the place of a prompter.

PROMPTER.

Ha! Ha! — You don't know dertake, young gentleman. Tl prompter requires some experien

APEWELL.

» True, gallant Raleigh!
« I cannot but surmise,
« Your state some danger a

PROMPTER.

I begin to apprehend you a Apewell.

APEWELL.

Faith, if I am, sir, however my be taken, I mean it to be perfe There is no man without his pecu and, in studying the tones of oth improve my own, without givi much better actors than myself.

PROMPTER.

That's handsomely said, how

quainted.

APEWELL.

I hope we shall. Who knows, if
of the company, but we may ha
punch together, at the Blue Posts
whet in a walk over the fields
« Fetch a walk this fine evening, m
Eh, miss Dolly? »

PROMPTER.

You seem pretty conversant i
Have you studied much?

APEWELL.

A good deal. I'll give you a to
verse, to begin with.

[redacted]

SCENE II.

«Upon this land a thousand, thot
«ings,
«Which time shall bring to ripeness,

PROMPTER.

Upon my word that was very well. ably delivered, and much in the manne original.

APEWELL.

Oh, sir, if it was like the original, it not fail of being respectable. But if you from the specimen, I may be of service Apewell and myself will be willing to join

PROMPTER.

Does Mrs Apewell perform principal ch ters, sir?

APEWELL.

Why I can't say much for her acting she's a devilish good wife.

«Go thy ways, Kate!
«The man i' th' world who shall report h
«A better wife, let him in naught be trus
«For speaking false in that. Thou art al
«(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,

« Thy meekness- ...
ment,
« Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
« Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee
out)
« The queen of earthly queens. She's noble
born,
« And, like her true nobility, she has
« Carried herself towards me. »

PROMPTER.

You have Shakespear at your finger-ends
Mr Apewell.

APEWELL.

Why yes—« But I am talking here by wo[illegible]
« of mouth, when I could say it all in readi[illegible]
« as I have it by heart in my describing bo[illegible]
Now I desire you'll hold your tongue, f[illegible]
[illegible] me out. These gard[illegible]

« sis; and well suited to the trick of the scene. » Shall I go on?

PROMPTER.

Oh, by all means.

APEWELL.

« He would do, now, if the practical part « of deceit were as easy at his age, as the dis- « cernment of it is at mine, » etc., etc. Upon my soul, though, this is very fatiguing!

PROMPTER.

I wish I had any refreshment to offer you. But we are unprovided here, you know.

APEWELL.

« Come, you know there's a cake in the house. « Odsflesh, Robin, I'm heartily glad to see you. « Bring us the lamb. »

PROMPTER.

Egad, if you were at my lodgings, you should have that, and a bottle of wine too.

APEWELL.

« Come I like that. » But can you give me an engagement?

PROMPTER.

I can't — but I shall mention your talents

« used to like to hear me talk. Dicky Gossip, « says he—he always call'd me Dicky. Dicky « Gossip, says he, you are my barbatic—bar- « batic!—Wasn't that droll, sir?—He used to « call me his barbatic! »

Well I shall call in the evening to know the manager's answer. You may tell him what I am fit for.

PROMPTER.

Faith you seem fit for any thing. But do you sing?

APEWELL.

I'll give you a specimen, and then *to think* on't.

« 'Twas on a christmas day
« Father he did wed, » etc. etc.

(Exit.)

PROMPTER.

Faith, a young fellow of talent.

Enter BANNISTER, Jun.

Ah, Bannister!

BANNISTER.

Waldron, how goes it? well, here we are in the old little shop again! Gad I feel like a giant, here, in Lilliput, after the huge Brobdignag boards of old Drury. Where's our little manager?

PROMPTER.

Not come yet.

BANNISTER.

He must stir his stumps, I can tell him that, now he has set up for himself. He gives a good round sum for the property, they tell me. I hope he may be reimbursed.

PROMPTER.

There he trusts to the town.



ample reward to those who
in their service, and rely w
their liberality. I shall be fin
though, through the summer
Waldron.

PROMPTER.

Well then, as you say, t
courage your industry.

BANNISTER.

Oh, faith, you need not tel
I have always been found to
and at present I have a doub
vity, in serving the town, and
friend, who ventures

PROMPTER.

Then we'll attend them. Oh, Bannister, here's a song I am to give you. It's intended for our opening.

BANNISTER.

Let me see it, um—why zounds! there must be some mistake, it seems meant for the winter — for it begins with an eulogy upon grand *spectacles*, spacious buildings, and large theatres.

PROMPTER.

Well, well—hum it over before we go into the green-room.

BANNISTER.

Eh!—and here come some of the chorus who may bear a burden.

Enter CHORUS.

Here goes then.

uuable to hear ;

ɔubtedly needless to talk.

kspears and Jonsons go hang, go

ays and Drydens go drown!

lephants, and white bulls enough,

e in all the town.

Brave boys!

II.

tardily, the sound

s all the house around,

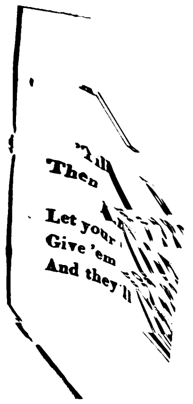
e action and words there's a breach;

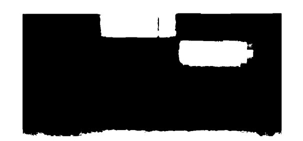
seems as if Macbeth,

minute after death,

ack, made his last dying speech.

Let your Shakspears, etc.





SCENE II.

III.

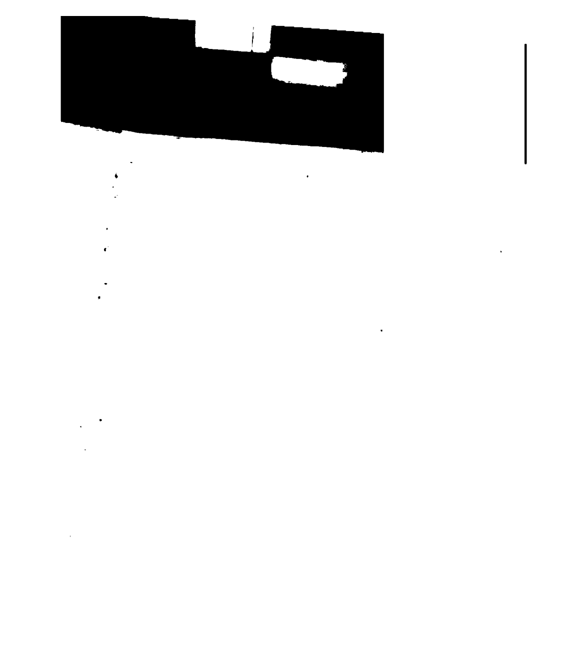
When on matters of state,
Stage heroes debate,
Intelligence so slowly is got,
'Twere better they began
On the new-invented plan,
And with telegraphs transmitted you the p
Let your Shakspears, e

IV.

But our house here's so small
That there's no need to bawl,
And the summer will rapidly pass;
So we hope you'll think fit
To hear the actors a bit,
'Till the elephants and bulls come from gra
Then let Shakspear and Jonson go hang, g
hang!
Let your Otways and Drydens go drown!
Give 'em but elephants and white bulls enoug
And they'll take in all the town —
Brave B

FINIS.

C



JUN 21 1962